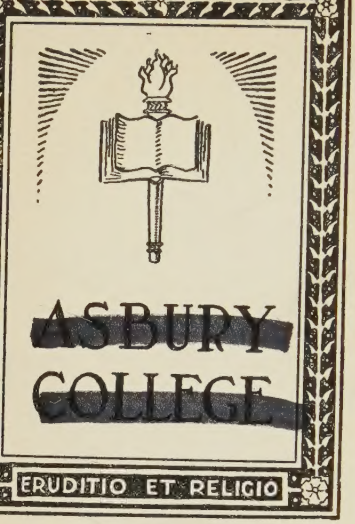
AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND

GLIMPSES

MAREN MICHELET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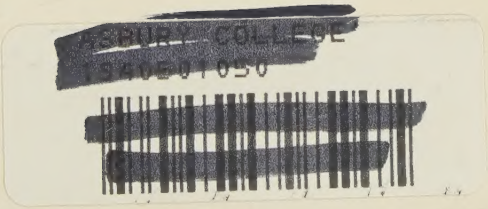

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GLIMPSES

FROM

AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND'S

LIFE

MATHILDE WERGELAND

IN HER CONFIRMATION DRESS

Painted by her brother Oscar Arnold Wergeland

27482

GLIMPSES

FROM

AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND'S

LIFE

BY

MAREN MICHELET

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DEDICATED

to

GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD

in Memory

of

Her Devoted and Faithful

Friend

FOREWORD

In presenting these "glimpses" no attempt has been made to give a full and detailed sketch of Agnes Mathilde Wergeland's life. Dr. Wergeland was not a person given to public demonstrations of her own feelings and did not unburden them to the world. She rarely spoke of the days when the darkest shadows hovered over her life and would say: "All this lies far back now and we had better not recall the old, bitter recollections. We should rather choose not to look back when the hand has been placed on the plough."

Even to those most intimate she did not reveal many of the sad chapters in her life. They have gone with her to her grave.

These glimpses have been gathered from the lips of friends, from old letters, papers, notebooks and her diaries. Much is unknown and those gaps cannot be filled; much that is known is of such an intimate nature that I should never wish to lay bare to a curious world her innermost soul.

This little book is a basket of flowers gathered from fields and gardens, from woods and meadows, from mountain slopes and desert wastes. Among them you will find some of the delicate, sweet-scented flowers of the Northland, the rare specimens of the botanical gardens of the Old World, the variegated flora of a Western Continent. In between are leaves and thorns, gnarled twigs, some shaggy ferns and even blades of dried and withered grass. The whole is but a vision of a full and rich life.

Maren Michelet.

July 2, 1916.

CONTENTS

I. Introduction 13
II. Childhood 25
III. Girlhood 33
IV. Early Womanhood in Christiania 39
V. Abroad and at Home 46
VI. Across the Seas 66
VII. The Lure of the West 87
VIII. The University and its Interests 113
IX. Dr. Wergeland and Suffrage 135
X. The Doctors' Inn 155
XI. A Visit to Little Norway 176
XII. Versatility 195
XIII. Last Days 225

INTRODUCTION

THE WERGELAND FAMILY

I

VERKLAND* is the name of a farmstead by the Sogne Fjord in Westland, Norway. From this farmstead the illustrious Wergeland family received its name, from ancient Norse peasant stock the family has sprung, and from the rugged nature of the western rockbound coast of the Northland the family gained its sturdy character.

The early ancestors were fisherfolk and shipbuiders, and generations followed generations pursuing the hard and hazardous life of the seaman and still occupying the same old homestead.

Then came a time when a descendant of this fisherfolk, no longer satisfied with the achievements of his kin within their small domain, but restless of spirit and desirous of making greater conquests of greater worlds, left the old home and sought elsewhere a career for himself. His name was Halvor Lassesen. He was a man of rare gifts, much originality, and filled with longing for great ventures. In 1782 he bade the ancestral home farewell and left with his family for the city of wonders, Bergen. There he would see fulfilled the fondest expectations of his great dreams; amass wealth by his ingenious devices

* Verkland (Workland or land of works) probably from industrial activities established at that place.

and strange inventions (among others a pair of ski that could go on water); and win for himself and family affluence, honor and fame.

In Bergen he bought a little shop and began a huckster's trade. But unwary and not a keen observer of human nature, his business venture had not lasted long before a "friend" had cheated him out of his last cent. He was again compelled to ply his old trade of ship-building. During the immediate years following he thus eked out, in a strange city, a scanty living for himself, his wife, the two sons, Lasse (Lars Johan) and Niels, and the baby daughter, Ingeborg Birgitte. They were poverty stricken; but still undaunted by his first unsuccessful venture Halvor Lassesen was unwilling to give up his cherished dreams. If he could not win the way to success in Bergen the big wide world lay outside beckoning him to come.

In 1784 Halvor Lassesen, as a ship-carpenter, set sail for Portugal—and was never heard of again.

Left behind in Bergen was the widow with her three small children in dire poverty and need without any means of support. The eldest son, Lasse, was put to learn the shoemaker's trade, while the young Niels found a home with relatives in the old home, Verkland. He was for a while a shepherd boy. Later, largely through his own efforts and determination to become a clergyman and by the aid of relatives, he was able to study for the ministry and finally rose to positions of prominence and trust.

The one who during the years of their schooling

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had helped the boys to gain an education was their father's brother, Niels, who, fully as gifted as Halvor Lassesen, had worked his way from a common soldier, and had attained the rank of lieutenant and later captain in the army. He dropped the patronymic name Lassesen, and assumed the name Wergeland, a Danish form of the farm name Verkland. The uncle sent both boys to school and had them enrolled at the Latin School in Bergen under the names Nicolai and Lars Wergeland. Lars Johan Wergeland was born in 1779. He is mentioned in 1811 and the year following as master-shoemaker in Christiania, and in 1818 was chosen Master of the Shoemaker's Guild of that city. His brother, Nicolai, spoke of him as a man of exceptional ability. He wrote some poetry and, besides working at his trade, engaged in teaching languages. He married Ingeborg Lie, of Trondhjem, who died November 13, 1833. Lars Wergeland died December 8, 1834, leaving one son, Sverre Nicolai, and one daughter, Laura Augusta.

Dean Nicolai Wergeland.
(From pastel about 1820.)

From the two Wergeland brothers, Nicolai and Lars Johan, have descended men and women who

within the course of a century have made imperishable the name Wergeland, one of the greatest in Norway's land.

From Nicolai Wergeland, himself noted as one of the foremost members of the Constitutional Convention at Eidsvold of 1814, were descended the great, gifted poet, Henrik Wergeland, and his equally gifted sister, Camilla Wergeland Collett. From Lars Johan Wergeland were descended the renowned artist, Oscar Wergeland, and his versatile sister, Agnes Mathilde Wergeland.

II

In the register of the quaint old church of Our Savior's, Christiania, Norway, is recorded:

> "Agnes Mathilde Iverine Wergeland, born May 8, 1857 to the parents Sverre Nicolai Wergeland, typographer, and wife, Anne Margrete (Larsen). Baptized May 15, the same year."

The father, Sverre Nicolai Wergeland, the only son of Lars Johan Wergeland, was born in 1817 and died October 27, 1896. He, too, like his father, indulged in "verse-making", but did not prove a good provider for his family. In 1842 he had married Anne Margrete Larsen, the daughter of a smith. Fru* Wergeland was born October 12, 1817 and died Nov-

* Fru, Mrs. or Mistress.

ember 17, 1889. She was a very capable woman and the mainstay of the family through many years of hard struggle. Self sacrificing, she shared with the poverty-stricken the little she might have, and often took poor children from the streets into her home, washed them, gave them food, and again sent them on their way. During the great cholera epidemic in Norway she aided the sick without fear of contagion to her own children. That winter her husband left for America in quest of work in his chosen occupation.

Sverre Nicolai Wergeland.
(From a painting by his son Oscar Arnold Wergeland.)

When Mathilde was but four years old, her mother became the "oldfrue"* at the Gaustad Insane Asy-

* Oldfrue, has no English equivalent. A position of trust and supervision, somewhat like that of a Mother Superior.

lum* and in this capacity she served through a long period of years in order to gain for her children an education whereby they might hew out for themselves a path and a career. Fru Wergeland was not a woman of much learning, being the daughter of a tradesman, and in those days many opportunities were not offered the girls of such families. She was, however, gifted and industrious, thrift personified, possessed much beauty, and ever was she known as a woman of strong character and keen intellect.

Anne Margrete Wergeland.
(From old photograph.)

Mathilde was the youngest of six children, of whom three died in infancy. She had two brothers who were

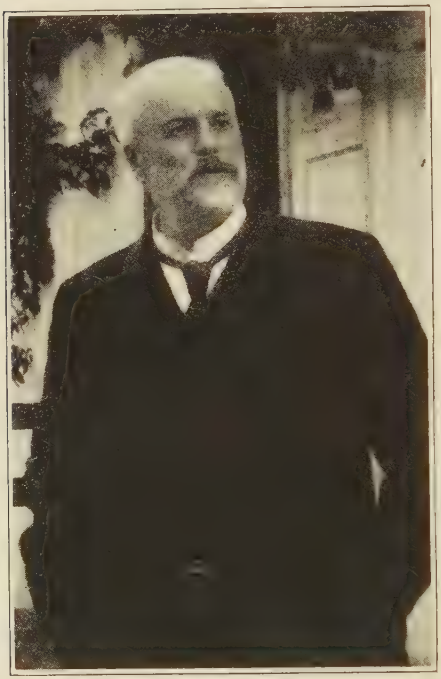
* At that time in the suburbs of Christiania.

much older than she. Erik Nicolai, the elder of the two, was born in 1843. He was an exceedingly clever and handsome lad, became a sailor and went to sea, grew to manhood, but died young. He was drowned while serving as first mate on the brig, "The Madame", which on a voyage to Dieppe in 1871 suffered shipwreck.

Erik Nicolai Wergeland.
(From old photograph.)

The other brother, Oscar Arnold, was born in 1844. At an early age he began to show marked talent in drawing and his mother put forth every earnest effort, at great sacrifice, to make an artist of him. He began his art studies in Christiania, continued them at the Academy in Copenhagen, and later went to Munich. From the art school in that city he

received impressions which determined and characterized his art. Of his historical and mythological paintings there are many, but above all is his famous painting of the Eidsvold Constitutional Convention of 1814, in which the illustrious Nicolai Wergeland had been one of the foremost leaders. Anyone having visited the Assembly Hall of the Storthing in Christiania can not but recall this great historical painting. No other painting in all Norway is so universally known. During the Centenary year every jubilee postage stamp of every denomination, sent far and wide to the remotest corners of the earth, bore the replica of this historic painting. The artist was



Oscar Arnold Wergeland [the artist].
(From photograph.)

married to Siegfriede Borgesen of Copenhagen, whom he had met at the home of an artist friend in Munich. She still survives him. They had no children, so when Oscar Wergeland died May 10, 1910, the sister, Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, survived as the last Wergeland of that branch of the family.

AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND

"Lieber mehr sein als scheinen!"
(Kaegi.)

(1857—1914)

CHILDHOOD

THE earliest and only recollections that Mathilde Wergeland ever had of a childhood and girlhood home were two small rooms which her mother occupied during the many years stay at Gaustad Asylum. Here the shy and pensive child grew up, left much to herself and her meditations. Her mother, always busy with her exacting duties, and perhaps being of a somewhat stern nature, could not and did not give her little daughter the motherly love and affection which the strange, sensitive, love-craving child eagerly longed for, and which is usually bestowed by mothers on their children in tender years.

A childhood friend*, a daughter of the director and physician of the asylum at that time, writes: "I can never recollect Mathilde having any other friend in her childhood but myself, who was much older than she. I am afraid her childhood was not very happy, I fear she was often very lonely. I remember her very well as she was not at all like other children. I found her wonderfully beautiful. She had a fine, little nose, a small, wellshaped mouth, and lovely, light hair. She was always pale and had never been strong, but did not complain. She was silent when in a gather-

---

* **Fru Antonie (Sandberg) Bull.**

ing, but when we were alone we spoke rapidly and freely. We often played in the woods as we both were very fond of flowers, birds and everything in nature.

Mathilde Wergeland, six years of age.
(From old photograph.)

She was kind and lovable and my father, who knew everything about her sad, lonely life always said, 'Come to us, little Mathilde. Ask your mother if you may come to us today'."

When not together with this friend she would wander about alone. The greater part of the day she would be about the building or outside in the yard together with the patients who, by the way, were very kind to her, but it was often perplexing for a child thus to be left alone to their mercy. Many times she would utter

strange remarks and ask queer questions. In the churchyard not far distant she frequently spent many an hour playing among the tombstones. Her dogs were her comrades. She often spent the livelong day in the woods with them and the fairies, and in their companionship she lived an imaginative child-life. She was a strange child and ever since she was quite small she spoke of the Wergeland blood in her veins. She must accomplish something great and be worthy of the name.

Old Aker Church.
(Pen sketch by Mathilde Wergeland.)

She received her first schooling at a small private school conducted by Frøken* Olivia Sandberg, an-

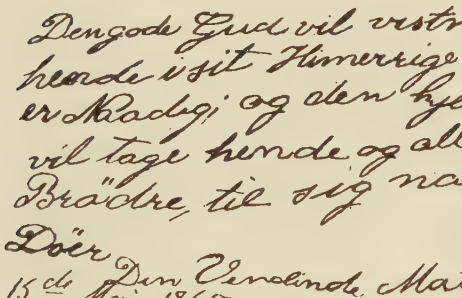
* Frøken—Miss.

other and older daughter of Dr. Sandberg, the director. This little school was kept for the children of the neighborhood, the city schools being too far away for the little folks. At school Mathilde early proved herself quick at learning and fond of books. She seemed especially interested in drawing and the study of languages.

She told her teacher that her brother, the artist, had said that every accomplished lady must be able to draw or paint. She would undoubtedly have been enraptured had she been given an opportunity to develop her talents in this direction, that she might thus finally become an artist. But there were no means by which this could be accomplished and even if there had been it is doubtful if the mother would have sanctioned such a course. She sought so to train her daughter that she might be an independent and useful breadwinner. She preferred that she should study and become a teacher.

The child manifested unusual musical taste and sensed music at an early age. When only four years old and still too young to be allowed to touch the piano she would take her brother's music when no one was present and prop it up on the table and get into a chair, her little feet inches from the floor, and in imagination she would play the music, following with wonderful accuracy the notes, as to tempo, her little fingers going like mad at the more rapid and difficult parts. This greatly amused her brother who had unawares stolen in upon her.

Perhaps nothing can show quite so plainly her serious and deeply religious trend of thought, even very early, as this little letter to a friend*, written at the age of eight:



(Facsimile of the original letter.)

"The good God will surely take her to His Kingdom. Because God is merciful; and the dear Savior will take her and all her brothers to Him when they die.

Your friend

May 15, 1865. Mathilde W."

---

* Frøken Margrethe Hals. Her father was overseer at Gaustad Asylum and Fru Wergeland lived in the same building that they did.

Mathilde Wergeland, nine years old.
(Study in oil by her brother, Oscar Arnold Wergeland.)

In another letter written to the same little friend two years later there is a more cheerful strain:

"October 4, 1867.

"Dear Margrete!

"I suppose you are having a fine time up there and I have heard that you have made apple-pudding. I have had an enjoyable time here at home. I have been to a ball since you left. It was for Milla and the Director, given before they left for Paris. I attended a concert Thursday. I have suffered much from headache lately. I send you a thousand greetings from mother who asks me to tell you that she hopes you will soon come home again. Grøn had a ball this week which I attended in this way: I stood in Onsum's hall and peeped through the window at the dancers within, since the Onsums were not at home.

********** **********

Farewell and be greeted from

Your devoted little friend

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland."

Mathilde pursued her studies under the guidance of her first teacher until she was fourteen years of age, receiving private instruction a few hours daily until in preparation for confirmation she was sent to the country to spend two years in the home of a clergy-

man named Christie. It had been planned that she should continue her studies there together with the daughters of the family. They had a most excellent governess, Frøken Mathiesen, from whom Mathilde received her first instruction in music. But the governess procured a better position in Christiania, and so at the close of the first year Mathilde returned to her mother at Gaustad and was confirmed in Christiania by the Rt. Rev. A. Christian Bang, the late Primate of the Church of Norway, who manifested much interest in his talented disciple.

The daughters of the country parson said that young Mathilde had already begun to write verses while she stayed with them at the parsonage, but they were of no import, and when her brother came there to visit her, and she showed him her poems, he had said: "Do something more useful and do not write such nonsense. You do not yet possess the Wergeland genius." Her mother, too, discouraged all her efforts in this direction and sought to quell and kill all such gifts she may ever have inherited. Perhaps she feared the daughter might acquire the father's gift of "verse-making" and with it a life of uselessness and inactivity. The virtue of scrupulous neatness, the gift of thrift, the lessons of dogged perseverance were the principles which the mother imbued in the daughter. To this mother, a clever woman who did things and possessed a marked artistic temperament, the daughter gave most credit, as she herself later in life said, "for anything I may be."

GIRLHOOD

WHILE still a young girl Mathilde Wergeland met with several of the foremost leaders in the woman movement and they without doubt very early impressed upon her quick, receptive mind the ideals of the suffrage cause which she later so steadily championed.

She often spoke of the friendly relations existing between her mother and their kinswoman, Camilla Collett, the pioneer of woman's rights in Norway.

Camilla (Wergeland) Collett.

Frequently she recalled visits paid Fru Collett in company with her mother. Fru Collett was very kind to her in many little ways and manifested a keen interest in her promising young relative who resembled her so much in features, temperament and tastes, that she might easily have been taken for her own daughter.

Both possessed indomitable will-power, great strength of character, and were much given to reflective thought and melancholy. Both had the same sensitive disposition which caused them to draw within themselves at the least look or word of criticism just as an adverse wind blasts the most delicate plant and causes it to wither. Alike they were endowed with decided literary tastes, had artistic temperaments and passionately loved art and music. The Wergeland traits were strangely pronounced in both personalities.

The following is a letter, in part, written by Camilla Collett October 12, 1877:

> "My dear Mathilde:
>
> "In the Evening Post for today I came across this especially honorable mention of your brother's painting*, and when I imagined how much it would please your mother and you to read it I immediately gained permission to cut it out by moving Jomfru** Gillebo's sensitive heart-strings, that I might send it. I remember the painting very well from Munich and I think the praise is truly deserving.

* "In the Church", a genre painting of much poetic beauty.
** Jomfru—old form for Miss.

"Let this serve as an expression of thanks for your especially hearty and beautiful letter. That the book has made such a deep impression on you must, of course, please me highly.

****

The most friendly greetings to your mother!

Camilla Collett."

Another prominent champion whom she met during these years and who became her inspiration and a lifelong friend was Aasta Hansteen. In a letter written to Dr. Wergeland May 9, 1900, the renowned and at that time much ridiculed suffrage agitator gives a most vivid description of their first meeting. She writes thus:

"Dear Frøken Mathilde Wergeland:

"To recall old interesting memories I will note down a vivid description of our first meeting, which took place July 23, 1875. Thus we can celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of our friendship this coming summer. I copy the following from a letter to Frøken Jacquette Liljencrantz. You remember how she and I by our joint efforts kept the struggle going for several years.

'Christiania, July 24, 1875.

— — — "The day before yesterday I visited my kinswoman Fru X.... She was terrible! Heathenish, harsh and arrogant toward us who rise up against

injustice and depravity,—and the servility of the masters and rulers, the men. It was a disgusting scene. 'Fie, fie, fie!' I shouted, shook the dust from my feet and left her house.

"Prophets can have no kin, I notice. Now I am 'vogelfrei' in that respect.

"Trembling innermost within I wandered on, up to a villa in Aker Parish* to the home of a former friend whom I had not visited for six years. She received me in a manner befitting enough and even invited me to remain until the next day. The following morning I learned that my kinswoman, the above mentioned Fru X..., was invited to spend the day as her guest; and since I naturally did not wish to meet her, I partook of a hearty breakfast at twelve noon and took leave just as Fru X....entered by another door.

"I ascended a height in the vicinity and there I took my noonday rest. Then I continued my stroll in the beautiful neighborhood. I drank from the brook, rested in the woods and sought shelter in the cotter's hut. This was in faith the life of a prophet. Then I continued my wanderings still higher up into the woods. At a stile I met two young maidens, one standing and one sitting. (The one, very tall and slender, sat on the fence with an elegantly bound book in her hand; the other stood leaning against the fence.) I paused and accosted them. The conversation glided on so smoothly. Finally I heard the one mentioned as 'Frøken Werge-

* Aker Parish is a suburb to Christiania.

land',. . . .'but are we not to have the pleasure of meeting each other?' she said. . . . .'I am Aasta Hansteen.' 'Are you the much dreaded Frøken Hansteen! I thought she was as tall as that!'. . . . She pointed to a young spruce near at hand. We both bowed deeply, the occasion being the meeting of two of the famous names of Norway. The other young lady was of the wellknown family Angell (from Trondhjem). We spoke of the great theme, 'For right, freedom and honor with Liljencrantz', you might well know.

"They were not more than eighteen years of age, these young maidens, but they were unusually entertaining. Especially did the one with the fine, blonde, pale, oval face disclose the 'Wergelanian' soul and spirit incessantly, by her wonderfully impressible power of imagination;. . . . metaphors, play of words and jests bubbled forth. She called a *clock* a *clock* and a *spade* a *spade*. They wandered with me higher and higher up into the woods to a strangely beautiful tarn, the 'Baan Tarn', where it seemed as if elves might have their rendezvous. There we tarried. I sat down to rest and they ran along the shore gathering water-lilies for me and thus made most charming figures in the landscape with their light dresses reflected in the water. (The old artist abides with me still). Now I told them about the events of the last few days and recited for them 'Welcome back again, ye bread-and-butter heroes';. . . . but Mathilde Wergeland thought as you did, that I might have omitted the last thundering speech to the heavy, stupid, present-day ogres. These

thoughts I impress upon young, hopeful friends. With deep courtesies, we parted when our ways separated in the woods. They promised to visit me soon. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have thus pictured this idyl; it was lovely as a fairy-tale. And what a salutary contrast to the recent, terrible Jezebel scene at the home of my relative!'

"I related this to your aunt, Fru Camilla Collett, and she said, 'It is just like a novel.'

****

Farewell! Let me soon hear from you.

Your devoted,

Aasta Hansteen."

EARLY WOMANHOOD IN CHRISTIANIA

AMBITION and energy were the keynotes of Mathilde Wergeland's character. A relative of mine who had often seen her at Gaustad writes: "I must say that she was a rarely gifted personage, ambitious and energetic. Energy was her main characteristic even when pale, slight, fair and tall she entered

Afternoon Coffee with Friends.

the ballroom or attended other social gatherings at Director Sandberg's."

Being ambitious and energetic, she longed for an education so she might fit herself for some definite life-work, but she was poor. What money she could

spare the mother was obliged to send to her son who was starving in Germany, fostering his art.

Not until she reached womanhood did she have these dreams to some measure fulfilled. By the aid of friends she was able to enter Nissen's School for Governesses. A glimpse of her life at this institution is given by a classmate of hers whom by chance I met in 1915 during a stay of a year in this country:

A Little Reminiscence

The year 1878 Mathilde Wergeland finished Nissen's Training School for Governesses, which was at that time the highest and best educational institution for women in Norway. I was a student together with her at that time. She was very tall and slender and had finely marked features. I remember she had a habit of pinching her eyes together and was somewhat stooped in her carriage. She was friendly and kind to all, but I cannot recall that she associated intimately with anyone. She was exceedingly gifted and seemed to live her own seclusive life in lofty thoughts and deep study. It seems to me that she rose above the multitude both in mind and body.

But she was never patronizing or proud. However, in one subject the rest of us were her masters—it was mathematics—in that branch she completely lacked all conception. Our teacher of mathematics had for a long time been receiving miserable results to all the problems, when one day he had her go to the board so that she might work the problems there and show what

she could do. The outcome was wretched; she couldn't take the simplest steps. Anyone else certainly would have become embarrassed in the presence of so many at being thus exposed before the whole class. Not so with Mathilde Wergeland; she openly admitted her incapability and did it in such a manner that the whole scene ended in a hearty laugh on her part as well as ours.

Mathilde Wergeland.
(Before going abroad.)

Her Norwegian compositions, however, were masterpieces and they were often read to the class, which was a great honor.

Nissen's School was in Christiania and was located in the center of the city. Mathilde Wergeland lived at that time out of town in Western Aker, so she had a

long distance to go. The session closed at eight o'clock in the evening and her careful mother would not allow her daughter to walk the long distance alone. Every evening a servant-girl came to call for her. The girl was tall and thin, too, and off they trudged, the two tall forms, the long, long way.

Her love of nature, which manifested itself so strongly in her poetry, received rich inspiration in the beautiful Western Aker where she spent so many years of childhood and girlhood days.

Marie Hallén.

It might be mentioned here that Director Sandberg was always solicitous of her welfare. Whenever anyone went to town, which was fully three miles distant, he would ask them to keep Mathilde in mind so that she might come home with them and not be compelled to walk.

Hr.* Christian Larsen, the director of the school, says: "From the very beginning I became aware of Frøken Mathilde Wergeland's wonderful talent, which came to light in her work, and it was with joy that I witnessed its rich unfolding. Vivid imagination, clear and logical conception and unusually lucid style combined with iron will and precise exactness caused me at the conclusion of her course to urge Frøken Wergeland to use the rare 'pound' she possessed and devote herself to literary pursuits. I must, therefore, give this highly gifted woman my warmest recommendation.

* Hr., herr—Mr.

and it would highly please me if it might bring her, if but a single step, forward on the path which she is entering upon with so much promise."

In vain she sought repeatedly a stipend that she might go abroad and perfect her studies. Her attempts being of no avail she frequented an art school instead and nourished for a while her cherished hope of some day becoming an artist. Her ardent friend and fellow student, Fru Olga Gunderson, still speaks with much warmth of the friendship which sprang up between them, and praises her unmistakable talent. In connection with her art work she did independent research work in history and history of art in the Library of the University of Christiania, whose doors were always open to her. These branches proved to be the work in life for which she was peculiarly fitted and which she was destined to follow with distinction.

She also studied music with the two well-known composers, Edvard Grieg and Ole Olesen. In an article appearing at the time of Grieg's death she writes: "The first time I met Grieg was an autumn day in 1876. Grieg had come to Christiania in the spring of that year and his fame as a conductor and instructor had already made him the most sought teacher. What I always remembered was his courteous greeting, his smile of welcome. He was a very small man, delicately built, as slender as a boy, but with rather large head, surrounded by a crown of glorious, blonde hair. His hands, too, were very large, as became a pianist, but strong and very shapely. And I have never heard

anyone play in a manner so instinct with the very soul of music (that most heavenly and illusive of arts) as did Grieg. When he played, his eyes, which were generally of a pale, almost colorless blue, underwent a change, a fire sprang up in them, they became suffused with light such as is born only in those who see the heavens open before their rapt gaze.

Edvard Grieg.
(From photo given Mathilde Wergeland by the composer.)

"His face and whole being radiated an inspiration and a responding with soul and body to the voices that arose under his fingers. As Grieg played the now so little appreciated Mozart with exquisite phrasing and complete command of the beauties of melody, I have never heard anyone play that divine master—and never shall. At

such moments genius undoubtedly spoke to genius and I was privileged to be near and hear. As was proper, I had to sit down and play for him—it happened to be his own composition. When I was through he remarked that I did pretty well, but not as well as the composition deserved. My method was at fault. To eradicate the failings would be an endless task, hence I had better begin from the very beginning. And I began that very day with five-finger exercises; for Grieg meant what he said. The next time I came he gave me one of Mozart's sonatas, and it was then that he played for me for the first time. Grieg was most ardently beloved by his pupils. There was much grief in Christiania when, after a stay of a year and a half, he decided to leave for his birthplace, Bergen. It was the last I saw of him. But the memory of him as a musician and an interpreter is forever with me, as with all his pupils."

Grieg was much interested in his pupil and often played duets with her. At one time after they had played together he said, "Frøken Wergeland, *any* thing is possible for you on the piano."

No wonder she in later years brought to the privileged few, who might be allowed to hear her, a bit of that divine music inspired by her master.

ABROAD AND AT HOME

AT last a time came when an opportunity offered itself and Mathilde Wergeland was able to go abroad to continue the study of historical subjects, particularly those connected with the history of civili-

Eidsvold Constitutional Assembly of 1814.
(Painted by Oscar Arnold Wergeland.)

zation. Partly through the efforts of one of her former teachers at Nissen's School, Froken Sofie Moller, she received at least some of the money necessary to pursue her work. Her brother, too, had better prospects of the

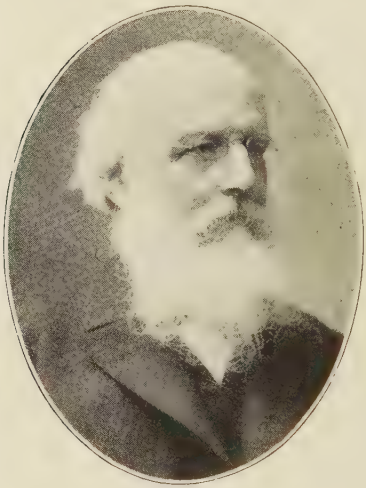
future. When he received the order to create the famous Eidsvold painting his circumstances were somewhat bettered, and the mother could divert her energies to giving her daughter some little material aid. It was late in the year 1883 that Agnes Mathilde Wergeland left for Munich. The beautiful and vast collections of material there substanially aided her development. There she enjoyed the combination of art, music and scientific instruction which determined the future character of her work.

During her stay there she lived frugally, making her meager meals on her spirit lamp in her own plain little room. Her brother now married, and when he and his bride returned to Munich after the wedding, the sister lived with them for about a year until the artist left for Norway to paint his great historical canvas of the Constitutional Assembly.

When going to Munich, Mathilde Wergeland brought with her from several of her former instructors in Christiania letters and testimonials to their personal friend, the illustrious Germanist and jurist, Geheimrath Konrad Maurer.* He received her most kindly, did not only guide her in her studies but opened to her the doors of his home, where she was always a welcome guest. A warm friendship grew up between her and the Maurer family, and the careful guidance

* Dr. Konrad Maurer, a scholar and authority of Northern history of law, especially versed in Old Norse and Icelandic laws, thought so highly of Dr. Wergeland's thesis, that he at his own expense caused it to be printed in German.

and personal interest which Dr. Maurer himself gave her work bore upon her later life a weighty significance. There is not much to relate about the years spent there in endless hard study. They were perhaps some of the darkest days of her life; for she often went hungry to bed and lived much of a dreary, lonely life but for the companionship of her books. Her mother wrote to her pathetically: "It grieves me sorely and often torments me at night to know that you are hungry and unhappy because of pecuniary cares. May the good God give you strength to bear your burdens that you may fulfill your calling." She frequently besought her daughter not to so bury herself in her books and her studies as to shut herself out from the outer world. She urged her to seek companionship and gain friends that might brighten her life and give her cheer and encouragement to continue the struggle.



Dr. Konrad Maurer.
(From photo given Mathilde Wergeland.)

There was one young fellow-student, however, to whom she was greatly attached, Fraulein Elisabeth Winterhalter. She was a beautiful woman of superior abilities and seemed to have appealed strongly to the shy nature of Mathilde Wergeland, who looked to such a friend for sympathy, strength and inspiration. To her dying day the picture of Dr. Elisabeth Winterhalter remained with her, a vision of admiration and devotion. On the fly-leaf of a little elegantly bound book (Dr. Wergeland was passionately fond of beautiful books), which Dr. Winterhalter had given her shortly before their leave-taking at Zurich, and which she always cherished

Mathilde Wergeland in Munich.
(From photograph.)

among her treasures, are inscribed in the donor's own characteristic hand writing these words:

Dr. Mathilde Wergeland

23.|1. 90

"Lieber mehr sein als scheinen"
(Kaegi)

How true these words, and how significant of Agnes Mathilde Wergeland! Like the soft light of a halo they shone over her being and revealed the most unassuming soul which in truth wished *"to be"* rather than *"to shine"* (to seem).

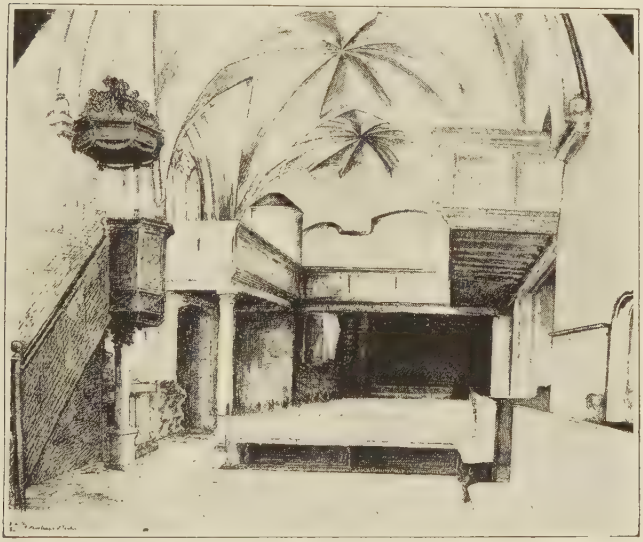
During her last year in Munich she visited the quaint and interesting old burg, Rothenburg, that she might study the architecture of some of the old structures of mediæval times. She made many interesting drawings and pen sketches of cathedrals, interiors of churches and corners of cloisters, during her stay there of several months. She had hoped to be able to return to Munich to resume her studies, but she had no money at her disposition, and undoubtedly often inwardly plunged into despair and utter hopelessness although she was not a person who openly bemoaned her fate. From her stay in Rothenburg is found in one of her little note-books these meditations:

"Rothenburg von der Tauber, May and June 1885.

"And all is forgotten in time
But never what I have suffered.

"Poetry is an art lifted above the sufferings of life and in the true sense of the word set free from them.

"The essential feature as to my feelings regarding life and humanity is *complete hopelessness.* There is no such thing as real happiness, there exists only a



Interior of an old church at Rothenburg.
(Pen sketch by Mathilde Wergeland 1885.)

longing for it, an utter resignation and rest after death.

"I do not profess the principles of Kant, nor Schopenhauer, nor Humbolt, nor Lazarus. I profess the doctrine of necessity and silence and longing; and the poet alone can express what I feel and art what

I think,—and still I have not yet found the poetic form in anyone for my innermost feelings. In music and art alone I have been able somewhat to refind it—words are still lacking. I do not wish to shine, I seek only the tenable."

A corner in an old church at Rothenburg.
(Pen sketch by Mathilde Wergeland 1885.)

At the close of the year she was compelled to return to Norway without having completed her studies.

Her life in Germany had been hard, but she longed to go back to the work she loved and the treasures in which she had delved. In the little note-book to which she confided her intimate thoughts she thus gives expression to these longings:

"Gaustad per Christiania,
November 1885.

"When I recall how I in Rothenburg and Munich let my thoughts wander back to my home, to these people and these rooms, the whole ensemble, that I knew so well, when I think about it all and I now again stand in these rooms, in the midst of these people—it seems as if these two years were a day and I had never been away. That which I had experienced and loved there, it seems as if it all were a dream, a fancy, vanished and lost. Thou, too, mine Elisabeth!"

She again sought a stipend and in applying for it writes:

"Upon my return home I had wished to continue my studies and had hoped thus to be able to broaden my knowledge in my particular branches. I had also wished to make a special study of distinctive conditions and historic monuments and relics in the Scandinavian North. I was especially anxious to visit the great collection of historic relics in Copenhagen, but circumstances do not permit this without means at my disposal."

This time, too, she failed to gain the stipend applied for. Moreover, she found no real field for her labors. She gained a scanty living by her literary efforts and tutoring.

In a letter written to Aasta Hansteen years afterwards she says:

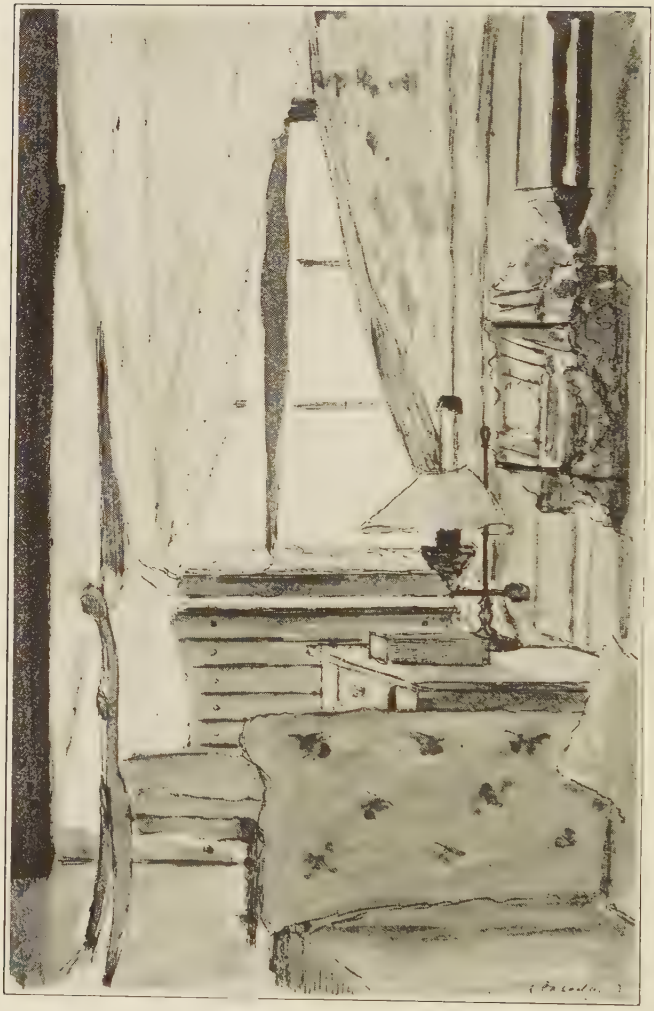
"My affairs were such that I simply had to get away to learn something and become something.

Christiania, or Norway elsewhere, did not offer me anything but starvation. I could not even get the traditional crust. My mother herself said that Norway was a "hard and cruel mother to her children." What I could foresee was nothing but sickness and greater and greater poverty. Then it happened that a friend in Germany offered me money and at home the much

University of Zurich.

talked of, and at that time highly scorned, Fru Vullum* reached out to me a helping hand and guided me on. The legend of the Good Samaritan might well fit in here. I shall never forget her, for she helped a fellow-being out of the slough of despondency and despair and gave me something to live for and work for, and that, too, without making any ado about it whatever; quite to the contrary, she was happy in

* On account of her advanced stand in the question of suffrage.



Mathilde Wergeland's Quarters at Zürich.
(From her own pen and brush sketch.)

doing all she could. That I call well done. I hope many will follow her noble example. Out in the wide world I had an opportunity to show what I could do. At home there was not the least opportunity for anything but destruction. That is what my mother felt and, therefore, she was willing to forego her own wishes.

"As you know I left for Switzerland in 1888 to gain there, if possible, my doctor's degree. At home I could attain it, or something similiar, only after five or six years study and perhaps not at all. That would be too long a time for a person who longed to get away from conditions which had already been too oppressive. My most excellent and noble-minded mother understood well the condition of affairs and she wished that I should go abroad at any cost. And it cost a great deal and it still costs a great, great deal this very day, today.

"In Zürich I could take my doctor's degree in three years and I had come to the conclusion that if diligence and endurance could do it I was determined to accomplish it in one year, but I was not so successful—it took fifteen months. My mother did not see this wish fulfilled and it is my infinite sorrow that she died while I was in Zürich—it seemed that the glory of it all was of little or no use."

Even though money had been given her to pursue her work at Zürich she could not refrain from starving herself that she might send her scanty pittance, the "widow's mite," to a dying mother in Norway. Just

a mite to make her last days a little happier, a little brighter.

Early in 1890 she received her degree of Doctor of Philosophy for her scholarly thesis treating of an old Icelandic inheritance law. She was the first Norwegian woman who had ever received such a distinction and one of the first women in any country to be thus honored.

Before leaving for Zürich she received a letter from a friend, which may be of interest to the reader, as is gives a glimpse of her character, which I believe was quite striking:

"The Sugar House, Bergen,
October 6, 1888.

"Dear Wergeland:

********** ********** **********

"It pleased me much to know that at last you are able to get away. I must say I think it grand that Margrete* has been able to accomplish this. She is not persistent in vain. I fancy you are happy now?—as happy as *you* can be, I mean; for I believe you will always continue to be melancholy. There will always be in your nature that nervousness and anxious trembling that the aspen leaves have. It is more and more striking that you have chosen the aspen for your tree. It seems very strange to me, too, that I cannot see an aspen without thinking about you. It is not only what you have written about it that comes to my mind. No, indeed, the aspen is your very self.

* Fru Vullum.

"One moonlight night when I was last at Ullensvang*, I had gone up to my place. I presume you know through my sister, Frederikke, that I have leased a parcel of ground and bought a little cabin?— and I sat there gazing out before me. And the stars twinkled among the foliage of the trees up the mountain slope, and here below stood birches and mountain-ash trees wrapped in fog of silver—and then the great stillness —and in the midst of the stillness suddenly this melancholy rustling. Then I said to myself: 'Wergeland'—and looked about for your sister tree. One is not far distant from the place where my little hut is going to stand. Will you come to visit me there some day? You must surely come when you have become a doctor of philosophy. It will be quite a distinction to have such a distinguished guest.

"You say that you will be leaving the latter part of the month? But you do not say that you are happy because you are going,—and I cannot quite understand that. Perhaps you dread leaving your mother? She will miss you I am sure. Oh yes, I can understand that you think it is hard. But now you have reached your goal. You will be able to go out into the world again, you will have opportunity to work, you will again be able to live. You will see your friend, Winterhalter again.

Your friend,
I. v. d. L. K."

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* Ullensvang, in the beautiful Hardanger in western Norway.

The description of the aspen alluded to will undoubtly please the reader. It appeared in a nature description in one of the magazines to which Frøken Wergeland at that time contributed a series of articles:

The Aspen

Has anyone ever conceived love for the aspen? The birch is, of course, declared the bride of the summer, the queen of the woods, the beautiful young maiden with long tresses. Some have even said that it is the emblem of the character of a whole people, and in painting, it and the fir are glorified a thousand times. Thank you, the aspen is mine. It shall be my tree. It shall not be compared to either man or beast or be anything but what it really is with its stiff branches and fluttering leaves. But that does not say that it is the most beautiful—no, indeed, it is the most sensitive tree in the forest, and it is beautiful because its trunk is so firm and round, and its foliage has all the colors of the woods, from golden-green to russet-brown, yes, even blood.

Some one has been unkind to it and has said that it has disturbed Our Saviour in his sleep by the incessant clattering of its leaves. But I shall tell you that this is only a myth. The rustling leaves have a wonderful, soothing music, confiding and comforting and, notwithstanding, a quietly beating heart, like the murmuring that sets it in motion. How can the tree help it, that it responds to this murmuring! The thin, round leaves hang on such slender, thread-like stems,

that they necessarily must be stirred by the least breath. But the stem is twisted and tough like a string and keeps its leaf. Besides—the birch is beautiful with its white trunk—but I can assure you: the aspen is beautiful, too, and slender and smooth, with branches as hard as steel. The bark of the trunk has a soft silver-gray color and yellow stripes of moss, while those of the birch are black. Where the birch looms up among the rest with queenly bearing, the aspen is only one of the neat, reserved ladies-in-waiting, but nevertheless it does not have its equal. It has such a decided *trait of character*. Have you seen the young aspen in the spring when everything is in full bloom, and every tree offers its shades of color? Have you seen them stand singly with their russet-red tops and their tiny new-born brown leaves, that tremble on their stems while the tree itself stands immovable and secure, and the slender branches, smooth as an arrow-shaft, pointing upward? The branches of the birch are tough, twisting and bending like a switch, wherefore they are the most glorious things and the worst on earth. The aspen can be broken, but can scarcely be bent. And have you seen a wrinkled, century-old aspentree clothed in its spring dress from head to foot with its golden-yellow, trembling foliage, like a nimbus, yea, like a gold-embroidered veil, like flying golden leaves, like the dress Cinderella received from the sun. I cannot describe it better. You must, if you do not yet care for it, lie down beneath it and listen to that continual rustling, which increases and

decreases, like an incessant whispering, according to the strength of the wind, and scarcely ceases in the silence of the night. When the wind passes through the foliage in the bright sunlight of the noon-day sun and causes the thousands of white and green and gray specks to flutter back and forth, change and interchange place and shape, disappear and reappear, just like the thoughts in a human mind—then you know the aspen with its quiet, pulsating life."

In March 1890 Dr. Wergeland left Zürich and went to Munich to bid the Maurers farewell before leaving for Copenhagen where she wished to do some special research work. The friendship which she there formed with Maikki Friberg of Helsingfors, Finland, is revealed in the following article which this noted editor of the Naisten Ääni* wrote July 18, 1914, in commemoration of her departed friend:

Mathilde Wergeland.

"Wonderful happening! I was just leaving Copenhagen, where the International Woman's Congress of the North had been held, when I received a letter and a package of newspapers from America. I took them with me on shipboard and began to examine them. The letter explained that Mathilde Wergeland, the Wyoming University professor, was deceased, and the newspapers made clear concerning her praiseworthy career as a teacher.

* The Women's Voice, a leading suffrage paper published at Helsingfors with Maikki Friberg as its editor.

"My tongue cannot relate how strange and sorrowful this news seemed to me, especially at that moment, how the recollections of my first trip to Copenhagen, when I first learned to know Dr. Mathilde Wergeland, rushed to my mind. — At that time a Northern International Teachers' Convention was assembled in Copenhagen. The day before there had been a small woman's meeting. Among the different participants was a woman, a head taller than the rest, with such a beautiful Greek profile that everyone's gaze followed her wherever she went.

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland.
Ph. D. 1890.

"I immediately inquired who she might be, and learned that her name was Mathilde Wergeland; that she was a doctor of philosophy, the first Norwegian woman to gain that distinction, and that she was a near relative of the poet, Henrik Wergeland, and his illustrious sister, Camilla Collett.

"Then the meeting closed for dinner. I was fortunate enough to be seated next to her at table, and now the conversation began. I wanted to hear so much about her relatives, her lectures and her travels. With her beautiful, musical, Norse accent she replied to my many questions and at times seemed to wonder at my eagerness for information and my great inquisitiveness. She had just arrived from Zürich and incidentally mentioned the fact that she also had been at Munich a few years previous to that time.

"We were together almost daily during the two or three weeks that we lingered in Copenhagen.

"She told me much about Norwegian life and the life in the foreign countries where she had been. She sometimes displayed wit and humor, but oftener her beautiful face appeared very firm, a rather melancholy countenance. The most apparent reason for this was her uncertain prospects of the future. On having received her degree she would gladly have wished to work and succeed in her native land, but all positions aspired to there were refused women. She complained that the Old World did not offer anything for her kind and that she must cross the Atlantic to seek for herself the proper work. But being grieved,

she did not speak much of this trip. She was not a person who could suddenly rise from misfortune and with joy cast herself into the struggle for the sake of a living. Nor did she in the least know how to speak in her own behalf and of her own deserving distinction. She was from the beginning a silent thinker, an earnest soulworthy dweller and had, therefore, learned to be unusually unmindful of her surroundings, and became self-absorbed.

"When the meetings and entertainments were at an end we parted. Mathilde Wergeland soon afterward went to America, having in vain once more attempted to find a field of labor in her own country.

"Thirty years have elapsed since then, and during that time I have not seen her, and only twice have I received any word from her. A few years ago she sent me, just from the press, a Norse book of verses written by herself.

"And now came the news of her death. One of her friends, with whom she had lived, and who wrote to me of it at the time, having found my name among some of her papers, mentioned that she died from overwork. She never sought rest, but was continually at work, summer and winter.

"Her duties as instructor she performed exceptionally well—her subjects were history and Spanish—and all the papers which spoke of her, related that she was unequaled as a teacher, a deep thinker, richly endowed, and that her pupils liked her exceedingly

well. This can also be gleaned from the speeches delivered at the memorial exercises given in her honor.

"This I can readily comprehend, for she had a great personal charm and her influence could always be strongly felt because she possessed inexhaustible sympathy.

"But the papers related still more of which I had no idea. In the first place, that she had great musical talent and that she had been under the instruction of Grieg, who had predicted for her a musical career, and secondly, that she was a skillful drawer and a good water-color painter. So reticent and reserved was Mathilde Wergeland that she did not in our company utter a word of this.

"To the Wyoming University she left her entire library. And there, far in the West, she now rests, that great, gifted daughter of Norway, who so willingly would have used her knowledge and her strength for the benefit of the youth of her own land, but because of progressive ideas and high ideals was forced into strange surroundings to acquire for herself a new fatherland and a new language."

During the stay in Copenhagen Dr. Wergeland met many congenial and gifted musicians, artists, writers and actors, and formed many friendships. Her winning personality caused her to be surrounded by quite a coterie of friends. Among them was especially one with whom she was intimately associated, Frøken Vilhelmine Hoffmann. She was a woman of musical talents and literary tastes, and this undoubtedly brought

the two so closely together. The friendship was never wholly broken off although they only met once after Dr. Wergeland went to America. At longer or shorter intervals throughout the rest of their lives they exchanged letters and greetings.

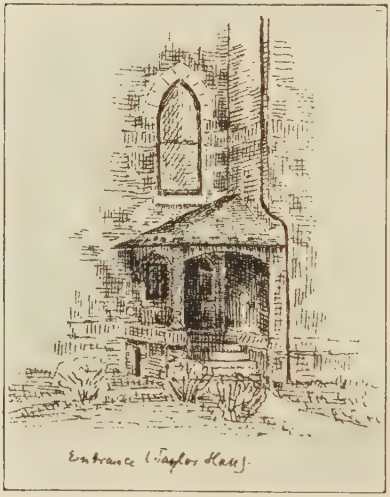
Dr. Wergeland valued highly the friendship of a close friend, and throughout the rest of her life she always had at least one intimate friend with whom she shared unselfishly what she could of inspiration and kindness and love. It was one of the beautiful traits of her noble character. The whole may be summed up in these her own words: "Life without friends and friendships is like a tree without bark and leaves."

While at Zürich she had won in stiff competition a scholarship at Bryn Mawr College, in Pennsylvania. In her diary for 1890 under the date of May 17 (Independence Day in Norway) she writes: "I have received the fellowship at Bryn Mawr. May it bring me luck. God grant it! — —"

After paying a short visit to native Norway she set sail for America September 19, 1890.

Like so many intrepid sons and daughters of Mother Norway she sought in the greater land across the seas newer and broader fields of labor where she might blaze a way in the forests and plow a furrow on the plains.

AS soon as Dr. Wergeland reached this country she hastened on to Bryn Mawr so as to begin her work there without any delay. What her first impressions of this woman's college in a western continent may have been we must rather conjecture than assert, because whatever thoughts she may have had in the matter she kept to herself. We can well imagine that she found this institution a striking contrast to the European seats of learning where she had labored. The buildings themselves, undoubtedly, were pretentious enough—indeed, even imposing in comparison with modest structures of the Old World, but I fear the stack-rooms of the library were barren when compared with the archives of the old established



At Bryn Mawr.
(Pen sketch by Agnes M. Wergeland.)

institutions of Europe. I know it must have been a disappointment to Dr. Wergeland to discover comparatively scanty stores of books in a place where she expected to broaden her scope of learning. I am sure that she somewhat judged the institution by the sources for research which it had at its command. She has somewhere said, "I found the American youth sadly in want of proper and adequate text-books."

What she did say about this college and her work there was this: "I came to America by seeking a fellowship at one of the woman's colleges there and the following year I was appointed Reader in History of Art. It lasted two years. There was no material with which to work. I myself was compelled to buy all the material I needed and I found a certain jealous opposition on the part of those in authority. But the young girls whom I taught, and whom I learned to know, I believe in turn learned to love me, and I hope I have to some degree made my influence felt among them."

One of these faithful students bears her up in this belief in a letter written to her afterward: "I want to tell you with how much pleasure I look back to my studies in art with you at Bryn Mawr, and how serviceable I have since found my notes and the reading in connection with them, recommended and suggested by you.

"Your lectures were to a certain extent supplementary to the Ancient History I was then studying and the different aspect under which they presented the

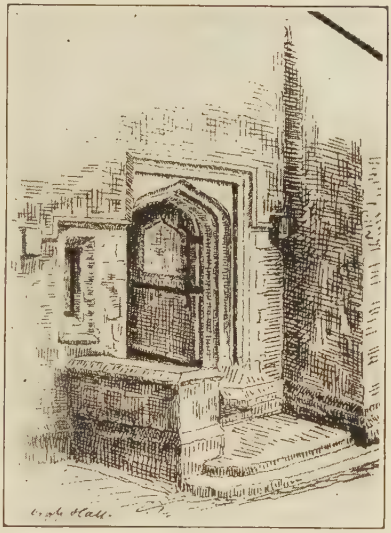
peoples of antiquity, was to me of the greatest interest, for I have always regarded the æsthetic development of a people the key to much of their character and their civilization; and the artistic and religious sides of their life are so interdependent, that the latter cannot be correctly appreciated without some understanding of the former.

At Bryn Mawr.
(Pen sketch by Agnes M. Wergeland.)

"You may perhaps know that I have given lectures in Washington and Philadelphia on *History as a Science*, which were favorably criticized by the Commissioner of Education and by some of the gentlemen connected with the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum here in Washington, and in writing them I have been constantly indebted to the suggestions and impressions made by your letters. Your point of view and manner of treating your subject particularly appealed to me, and I find myself far better able to appreciate works

of art since I had the benefit of your instruction and your methods of interpreting them."

During her fellowship year Dr. Wergeland sought faithfully to master the English language that she might fit herself for work in this country. When she took up her Readership she likewise undertook some work in the office of the secretary of the school, but clerical work was always intensely distasteful and irksome to her.



At Bryn Mawr.
(Pen sketch by Agnes M. Wergeland.)

Her days at Bryn Mawr were not especially happy ones. Through her rather imperfect knowledge of English and the new conditions of affairs into which she was suddenly plunged, she misunderstood, perhaps, some things which otherwise would have been clear to her, while on the other hand she was probably often misjudged and looked upon as a "foreigner", a rather scornful appellation which the immigrants to this country have often had to bear with fortitude and for-

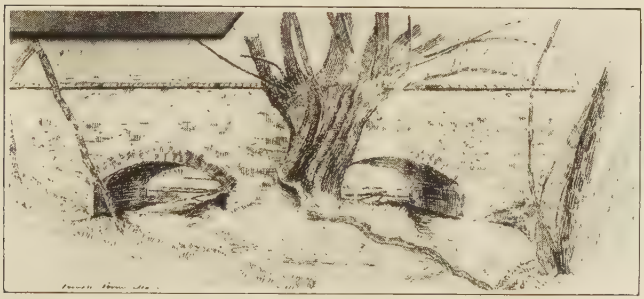
bearance. She was, I fear, made to feel she was not appreciated.

She became much interested in the beliefs and worship of the Friends, undoubtedly because of their simplicity of life and unceremonious and unostentatious church service. She was often asked to President Rhoades' home and at such times the conversation drifted to the beliefs of the Society. Deep as may have been her sympathies she never became a member of this sect. She always forewent affilliation with any denomination and ever shunned public demonstration of faith and doctrine. In her innermost soul she was a truly devout person of deep, sincere, religious feeling and humble, God-fearing spirit. Nothing proves this better than the beautiful benedictions which each year concluded her diaries. Her poem, "The Pilgrim", one of her last, is a wonderous confession of faith.

Dr. Wergeland mingled with but two or three people while at Bryn Mawr College, but here as elsewhere she had at least one confiding, trustful friend. There was at the College during her first year there a young woman, who like herself, had won a scholarship at the institution. Her name was Miss Katherine Merrill. She was quick to see beyond the foreign dress and the foreign accent a rare personality. They soon became constant companions and a close friendship sprang up between them. Miss Merrill taught her new friend English, opened her eyes to the many customs and manners distinstively American, sought to help her acquire a manner of dress more in conform-

ity with that of this country, championed her cause, and helped her in innumerable ways to adapt herself to the conditions prevailing in the land to which she had come.

Dr. Wergeland on the other hand opened to Miss Merrill a wealth of thought, of love, of art, and of beauty. Her love for the artistic received rich fostering in what Dr. Wergeland's artistic temperament



The Brook (Bryn Mawr).
(Pen sketch by Agnes M. Wergeland.)

unfolded and revealed. Together they lived much alone with their books.

In the open the two friends enjoyed the beauties of nature. In their walks they visited delightful haunts and spots which became very dear to them. Often they tarried by the brook and in the spring when the anemones and violets came they frequently sought peace and solitude in the quietude of the quaint Harriton Cemetery, a little private burial-ground not far away. At such times Dr. Wergeland's thoughts un-

doubtedly, wandered back to the fatherland, to beautiful Aker Parish, to the tombstones and graves about the Old Aker Church. She loved the fatherland with a big, big love, for she was deeply imbued with the Wergeland spirit of patriotism, but as she said: "I was not given the privilege of serving my own land. Circumstances have placed me here and not there."

For twelve years with only occasional intervals of interruption the two friends were constantly together, shared with each other what each might offer, struggled with poverty and fought adversity, the one never failing to sacrifice anything and everything that would bring the other a step on to success. For several years they shared and enjoyed to some measure and under the same roof a home life which they both craved.

When Dr. Wergeland came to this country she brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Maurer to Mrs. Ole Bull. Very soon after her arrival she went from Philadelphia to New York to present this letter. Both women were pleased with each other and several times later Dr. Wergeland visited Mrs. Bull at her home in Cambridge. The following is a letter which Mrs. Bull sent her shortly after their first meeting:

"168 Brattle St.,
"Cambridge.

"My dear Fraülein Wergeland:

"In looking over my letters from Prof. Maurer I find the one referring to you. He says: "I want your advice and help in a matter which you will more gladly give as it concerns a countrywoman of Mr. Bull, one

who bears one of the most distinguished names in Norwegian literature, Fraülein Mathilde Wergeland, sister of the well-known painter, Oscar Wergeland. She desires a place in one of the higher American Colleges to teach Universal History or the History of Art. She has been studying at Zürich several years and I have known her, as also my wife, both personally and through correspondence. An American friend wishes to learn what might be open to her in the States. I think her admirably fitted in study and character. Moreover, the doctor's degree of the exacting University of Zürich is evidence of her fitness. She wishes to know if there might be any opening for her at present in any of the American colleges. She is fitted to teach outside of her special department. My desire to help a woman whose intelligent struggles I have watched, and the assurance that you will gladly help a deserving countrywoman are my reasons for this request.

"This letter contains important criticisms concerning Icelandic matters which I wish to keep or I would send it to you. But it occurs to me that the sentences about yourself may at sometime be of use, and even if not, that you may like to have them.

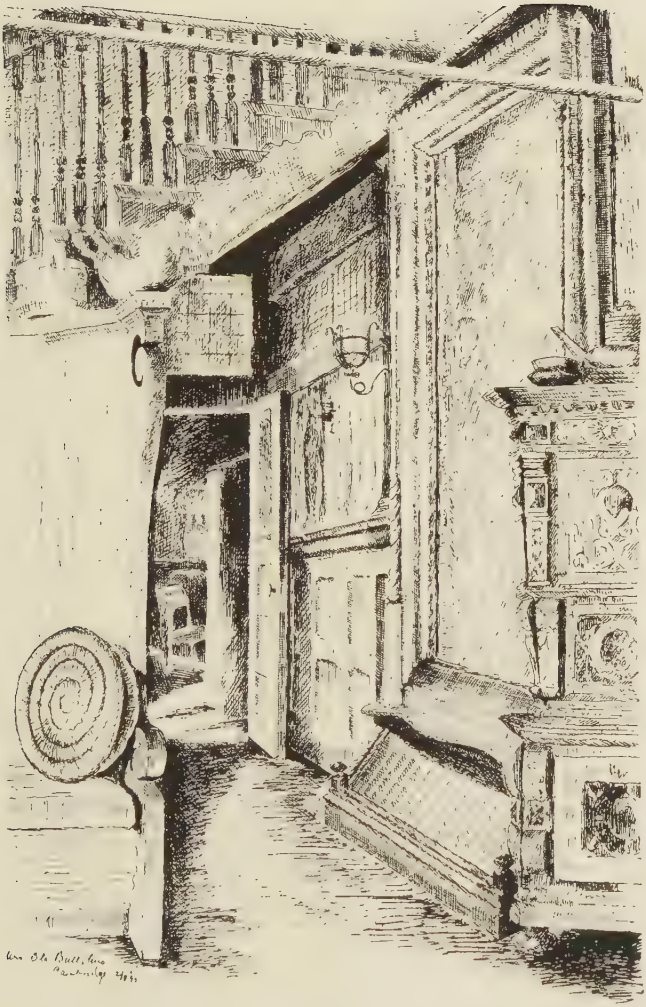
"Cordially yours,
Sara Bull."

"P.S. I am glad that you are really over here and like to be here. We want much to see you in Cambridge. I am indebted to Prof. Maurer most heartily for my acquaintance with you. "S B."

The first summer in this country Miss Merrill took Dr. Wergeland with her to her home in Abilene, Kansas, that they might work together there. Here for the first time she suffered the fierce heat of our western prairies. From Kansas to the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, where Miss Merrill joined her for the last weeks of the summer vacation, was a refreshing and delightful change and gave her strength to finish the lectures on the history of sculpture and architecture that she was to give at Bryn Mawr that following year. When Dr. Wergeland returned to Bryn Mawr, Miss Merrill proceeded to Boston to continue her studies there.

The second summer found the two friends in Cambridge. Mrs. Bull had invited Dr. Wergeland to live in her home while she was away for the summer. Miss Merrill as Dr. Wergeland's intimate friend was included in the invitation. The stay in this delightful home was a pleasant change. A maid was left as caretaker, but the two women prepared their own meals and spent their leisure hours, when not at study in the Harvard Library, in the interesting home left at their disposition.

Dr. Wergeland occasionally used Mrs. Bull's beautiful piano, but always with a certain restraint, feeling in so doing she was transgressing. They had been given the use of Mrs. Bull's own bedroom. There and in the Norwegian room they felt most at home. The latter had a great brick fireplace with a huge canopy, and the tile of the fireplace extended into the room



Mrs. Ole Bull's Norwegian Room in her Home at Cambridge, Mass.
(Pen sketch by Agnes M. Wergeland,)
August 2, 1892.

some five or six feet on one side, and four or five feet on the other. It reminded Dr. Wergeland of the fireplaces of old Norse houses. There were pieces of Norse needlework about the room, quaint and curiously carved Norwegian chairs, and bowls, and cupboards, and in one corner an old-fashioned tall clock. A little stairway led to a gallery above running around the room just as in the old structures in Norway. Dr. Wergeland was delighted with this room which at every turn reminded her of her native land, and this was the place where she wished most to linger during leisure hours at home. Then she would often speak of the Norse cottage she would some day build when she could have a home of her own.

The next summer Dr. Wergeland and Miss Merrill went abroad. Dr. Wergeland wished to visit some of the various representative cathedrals and churches of Europe in connection with her lectures on sculpture and architecture. They first went to Boulogne—visited Amiens, Rheims, Strasburg and then dropped down to Zürich for two days. Then they traveled north to Munich and spent six weeks or more there. While they were at this place Frøken Vilhelmine Hoffmann came from Copenhagen to join her friend for a brief stay. Coming home they went down the Rhine, seeing the churches at Worms and Cologne, and sailed from Rotterdam back to America just in time for Miss Merrill to reach her post of duty at the University of Illinois, at Champaign.

Dr. Wergeland, having severed her connection

with Bryn Mawr College just previously to leaving for Europe, now spent some little time with Miss Merrill giving some free lectures at the University. During the next two years Dr. Wergeland was without a position, but during that time wrote a history of architecture which was printed in a periodical in Boston. She had at the time wished to print it in book form with illustrations, but it was too great an outlay of money. Not until many years afterwards did it appear as an independent work.

About her later stay in Chicago she wrote to Aasta Hansteen as follows:

"I went to Chicago where I registered at the University as a graduate student. I wished to review some of the subjects which the history of art had thrust in the background. The following half year, in the fall of 1896, I was appointed Docent, although the President of the University did not especially favor having women at his university. I gave lectures on History of Civilization During the Middle Ages, which is my specialty, and I had post graduates as my students, who were preparing for their doctor's degrees."

This bit of description given by a student friend, to whom she was much attached, shows us an interesting glimpse of Dr. Wergeland's home life in Chicago before she and Miss Merrill had a home together in a little flat at Austin, in the suburbs of the city.

Miss Wergeland's Room

I remember so well the little room on Madison Avenue in Chicago where Miss Wergeland lived.

The furniture was old-fashioned and ill-assorted, for the family with whom she lived was of the reduced gentle-folk type and rented rooms with reluctance; but this being once determined upon the rented rooms seemed to be the repositories for all cast-off odds and ends.

Out of this unpromising material, which must have wrung her artist soul, Miss Wergeland made a cheery little home. Her books made bright color spots against the dull walls—her chair, drawn up by the table with its green shaded lamp, invited to hours of cosy reading or study. Her pictures and casts hung upon the walls brought into the little, ugly room bits of the immortal beauty of her beloved world of Greece and Rome. The sunshine coming in through the western window would call out color from the pot of primroses, or bunch of jonquils on the window ledge.

Here I always found warm rich welcome. There would be the outstretched hands, the happy smile, the soft voice, often uttering some endearment in her own native language. We would often sit down to talk or read and here I grew to know her favorite authors and unknown worlds opened before my youthful eyes. The bold rugged beauty of the Norseland, the romantic glowing radiance of Italy, the cold tragedy of the Russian literature—of these she read and told me much.

Then before the end of the visit a cup of chocolate would be made on the little spirit lamp; or there would be a glass of the light imported wine which she loved, with curious little sweet cakes, which she brought from a Norwegian baker. Thus we would be very happy together in our own little world.

But often as the sun sank and I would say good-bye, a pathetic look would come into her eyes; she would cling to me and ask me not to go yet. Then I had glimpses of a supremely loving soul condemned to a life of loneliness. Far away from native land and family she was working and making her way heroically with no complaint or sound of suffering, but the suffering and longing were there—the price of possessing a great soul must be paid in the depth and keeness of the purely human emotions.

A Friend and Student.

In 1900 Dr. Wergeland again crossed the ocean, this time going to Berlin. She was at the time working on an extensive syllabus, *Germanic Slavery in the Middle Ages*, and found it imperative to go abroad even selling some of her treasured books that she might get the necessary references to do the research work she wished. She had hoped that these independent investigations might lead to a better position in the Chicago University, but they did not, although her syllabus from henceforth made her a recognized authority in this special branch of history.

Twelve years of disappointments and vanishing

hopes still left Dr. Wergeland without any permanent position that could give her an adequate living, and still she labored on. So many had been the burdens and so cruel the suffering, that it seemed impossible that any human being could endure them all. No wonder that in the darkness of despair she almost gave up the fight and repeatedly sought to gain some position in Norway whereby she could win her daily bread. But she would not go back unless she could find something to do. She would rather face starvation here.

Dr. Agnes Mathilde Wergeland in Chicago, 1900.

To more fully realize the hardships of these twelve years, and the bitterness and the suffering of it all, we need but read the following article written by Miss Merrill, who better than any other person knew Dr. Wergeland's darkest days and her struggle to win recognition by virtue of her merits:

In October 1890 there entered the halls of Bryn Mawr College as Graduate Fellow in History a woman of imposing height and build, foreign in dress and appearance, and unobtrusively silent and retiring in manner. Yet there was about her an atmosphere of mastery, of far-reaching experience, of quiet power to

judge and to act, that would attract anywhere the eye of one really observant. Her age, dignity, and scholastic record would properly, it would seem, have made her a teacher in those college halls; yet she came as a student. What were the authorities to do with her? —It was an honor to them to have their fellowship applied for by a woman who had already attained what they were placing as a goal to be reached by other students,—an honor to have a woman come who had already received a doctor's degree from the only European university where she could then have obtained it; a woman deeply versed in the technicalities of mediæval history and law with all the subsidiary knowledge this would imply; who had written for her doctorate a thesis thought worthy of translation from Norwegian into his own language by a noted authority in history in that German land of scholars.—What was such a student to do in the ordinary graduate courses as given twenty-five years ago in that still young experimenting college? American history was practically the only fresh field. And in this, too, there was somewhat limited equipment for serious investigation.

The authorities, however, did not take the matter very seriously. Whether their European student found there or elsewhere what she came after was not primarily their concern. They saw, too, that she did not seem to suit American tastes. Her dress was unfashionable, even perhaps a bit severe, after a manner earlier advocated by American pioneers among college women and still followed by European students. Her

conversational English was not fluent. Apparently it never occurred to her to gain a point by flattery, by clever social scheming, or any other delicate oiling of the wheels. And there was a light in her eye that detected and resisted snobbishness or the domination of mere position. She seemed to see nothing remarkable in the degree of intellectuality she found in the college.

To the students she did not appear companionable. She did not possess the light laughing manner of American college youth. The younger among them, incapable of recognizing her worth, thought her queer; the older were conservative, opinionated, or self-absorbed. All, knowing that she hailed from the country whence come many of our servants, expected her to commit social blunders, and criticized sharply any small error, not realizing that what is social finesse in one country it not necessarily such in another. Only here and there was one who penetrated beneath that outer veil of silence and strangeness and found the loving warmth of heart craving for sympathy, the wells of knowledge and mature thought ready at the least seeking to send out rich streams of aid and inspiration. With the students she could not be a companion and equal. Temperament and experience alike held her above and aloof. Nor was she their recognized instructor. Had she reached and maintained this position, with proper dignity, remuneration, and rank, each side would have been a rich gainer.

Perhaps some sense of this led the authorities to

offer Miss Wergeland for the second year an opportunity to teach history of art in the college. As this was a subject for which she was specially fitted by both nature and training, she seized the opportunity with gratitude. To be sure, the courses were regarded as experiments, were few in number, were most meagerly supplied with essential illustrative material, and the salary given was only half enough to live on. The work, however, attracted some students; as many possibly as any subject new and not previously planned for could attract. The classes became more and more responsive as they proceeded, and the next year were larger and more expectant. Meanwhile a woman of means in Boston had lent some money, and with this she eked out the small salary and bought the books and photographs needed to bring what success there was. And the work was successful—judged by the standards of unostentatious genuineness, of æsthetic appeal and intellectual illumination, witnessed to and shared by all taking the courses, it was successful. But it was quiet and without éclat, like the personality of the one who conducted it. For financial reasons, however, and perhaps for other exigencies of the curriculum, the authorities decided, in spite of the quiet success, to drop the courses at the close of the second year.

Then, in a country still strange, whose language for literary purposes she had but passably mastered, without any other position, without business proclivities—characteristic of an artistic temperament—without

influential friends and the particular kind of social experience and tact that counts among us, shunning always any recognition because of her famous relatives across the water, and preferring always to hew out a path for herself, dismissed for no reasons convincing to outsiders and certainly with no further fostering care from one of our most influential colleges, possessed of an unmanageable and unmarketable degree of intellectuality, and lacking above all the one essential gift in any democracy—the gift of making other gifts known—what prospect did such a foreign woman have in this stepmotherly "land of promise"?

She had a few hundred dollars still, and thinking to write a textbook on the history of architecture, spent the summer of 1893 abroad. Her destination was Munich, where she studied in the library for two months; but on the way to and from the coast she visited some of the cathedrals and churches in Northern France and in Germany. On returning to the United States, she found a home for a time with a friend in the Middle West; and here she wrote a Syllabus of Mediæval Architecture. It was published in an architectural review, but not in book form and with proper illustrations till many years later. Afterward she went to the University of Chicago to try her fortune there. She met most just recognition and kindly assistance from one or two chiefs in the department of history, and possibly some jealously from those less highly placed. She was given an opportunity to offer a few upper class and graduate courses, and

slowly what she did was seen to equal in scholarly value anything presented in the department. But the courses in mediæval history and the history of civilization, even in a big university, do not often attract crowds of students; and her pay for the work depended entirely on the number of patrons, a trifling sum for each. Year after year this condition lasted, promises for better things being always faithfully given and never fulfilled. The policy of the university at that time was in fact to make a great stir in the world. To this stir Miss Wergeland might have contributed something fresh and original, drawn from the history and development of her own country. But she either did not see this or her efforts met too little response. Her shy retiring ways could not win friends rapidly, and some that she did win and might have retained under propitious circumstances, she had to forego because of poverty and adverse conditions. Others remained her staunch advocates and gave her all the friendly assistance and moral support in their power.

Among these friends were also a few non-university people whose beautiful homes were open to her and were a refuge and a change from an existence that might otherwise have been all too unrelived. One of these was Mrs. John Weiss, of Chicago, a woman always interested in intellectual activities. While traveling Mrs. Weiss had heard in Zürich of Miss Wergeland's work as a student there; and when she afterwards found her at the University of Chicago, her interest was at once aroused. In Evanston, too,

there was a group of appreciative people in the families of Mr. D. H. Burnham; his sister, Mrs. Woodyatt; and Dr. Charles Fuller. The women of these families were musical and literary, and they were quick to understand and value Miss Wergeland's breadth of culture. From all of these she received little intimate kindnesses and hospitalities and enjoyed refreshing bits of social pleasure and domesticity such as only friends can share with each other.

At this period, too, she had for a time a temporary home with another teacher in an apartment which they rented for themselves. It was always her dream to possess a home of her own; and though this present arrangement had many enjoyable features, it was only a foreshadowing of that later happiness when she really did have a home in Wyoming. While living at this place in Chicago, however, she was able to obtain a piano, the first she had owned since girlhood; and many a weary hour and lonely evening she was saved by the joy found in this. Yet again her shyness often stood in the way of winning through music the friends and companionship which her ability might easily have gained.

Had she been less critical of self, less sensitive to adverse criticism, less persistent in maintaining her own standards, and more readily adaptable to her surroundings—she might have changed much the unhappiness of her condition and proved able to use more fully and profitably the large gifts and attainments she possessed, but unfortunately from babyhood on, a

great weight of melancholy rested upon her, a strong family characteristic possessed alike by both Nicolai Wergeland and Camilla Collett. In spite of all adversity she finally triumphed. Step by step she won her way without sacrificing her ideals. With undaunted courage Miss Wergeland started upon her work as Professor of History in the University of Wyoming. Twelve years of struggle with poverty almost unbelievably hard and a sense of failure just within success, she had undergone. Now at last she was to have a position with an adequate salary, a position that she was determined to make permanent and useful to a degree somewhat equal to her actual capacity. To the beautiful results attending this determination her later life testified.

The democratic West learned to judge her gifts and to place a just estimate upon her unusual efforts. To the students of the University of Wyoming and elsewhere she left the rich heritage for which she had starved and struggled.

Katherine Merrill.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

IT is always darkest just before dawn. All hopes of ever gaining a position at the Chicago University had vanished and repeated efforts by Dr. Wergeland herself, colleagues and friends, to secure for her a place elsewhere had all seemed to fail. Her house companion was in poor health and had been compelled to give up her work. How could the prospects for the future be more gloomy? Existence without a position seemed almost unthinkable. Determination and perseverance now as ever stood her in good stead and led her on, although the way was dark and there seemed no guiding light to lead her on but her trust in Providence: "I have been saved so often before when all seemed gloom and I was preserved by God's infinite mercy, that in view of it all, it seems as if I might safely trust to be saved from the jaws of evil this time as well.

> "(O my God, I trust in thee:
> Let me not be ashamed
> Let not mine enemies triumph over me)."

To be sure Dr. Wergeland had during all these years been active in her literary pursuits and had lately met with some success writing articles for various magazines. On May 15, 1902 she writes in her diary:

"Today the typewritten article was dropped into the mail (the Norwegian one). I am glad I have written it; maybe it will do some good. I wish it might. It would be fine to feel that I had some little share in the work done at home in my own country, although I like to be in the work here, too."

Her faithful friends and certain colleagues who were intimately acquainted with her work in their department and knew how to estimate and appreciate her worth were not unmindful of her future and were ever on the lookout in her behalf. When it became known to Dr. Benjamin S. Terry that there was a vacancy in the department of history at the Wyoming University he lost no time in making this known to Dr. Wergeland and urged her to apply for the position.

On Friday, June 20, of that year Dr. Wergeland writes in her diary: "Today I received a telegram of appointment at Wyoming. A stroke of illumination in the midst of deepest darkness concerning that place. *Oh, may it be a good thing, something I shall not regret.* May God be thanked with an ever faithful heart that an opportunity has at last come."

To her old staunch friend, Aasta Hansteen, she writes soon before her departure for the West:

"Now I must tell you that I have been appointed Professor of History and French at the University of Wyoming—a new and small institution, but I shall buckle down to good hard work and do my share in building it up so that it may be just as good in its kind

as any of the others which boast of years, standing, and dignity.

"The salary is better than I have formerly had; I can be free from cares for the necessaries of life, which is a great progress, especially when I reflect how these cares have tortured me ever since the day I reached years of age and discretion; and what is more interesting: Wyoming is one of the few free states where the question of the vote once for all has been satisfactorily settled. Now I have an opportunity to see this state of affairs at first hand. Wyoming is also praised for its fine climate and that is just what "poor me" needs most of all: delightful mountain air. I have thus had two great joys in succession: my position and one of my articles at last printed in a leading paper in Norway. Not all people can lay claim to so much!"

Dr. Wergeland had always found the intense heat of the American summers very trying and she therefore longed to get to the mountains where she might gain some strength and rest before assuming her new post of duty; but it was nevertheless not without regret that she bade farewell to her friend of years and the little home which they had shared together. August 15th she writes: "Off at last! I am drifting farther and farther west. Rather downhearted. Our flat at Austin seems palatial and on the whole everything seems so uncertain and unpleasant to contemplate."

As she journeyed westward she gradually overcame her utter loneliness, and the charms of the West,

which have lured so many of us, inspired her as the train began to climb the mountains: "The ascent from Cheyenne to Laramie is interesting and even inspiring. I found Nebraska interesting with ranches of grazing land stretching for miles and miles, with herds of cattle in groups leisurely straying all over. The air is delightful!"

The sight of the mountains charmed her and she was immediately enraptured with this big, free outdoors where the snow-hoods decked the peaks and the wonderful blue of the skies met the uplifted gaze everywhere. To her dying day she ever sang the praises of this land of bright prospects, in loving memory of which her muse has inscribed these verses:

Wyoming

This is Summer's glimmering time.
I drink in brimful bowls
The foaming, sparkling, sunny wine
That in air's goblets wells.
Now whirls the wheel of Life in dizzy haste,
And burning unrest beats upon the world;
Wide open stand the portals of the dark,
While on their down-light soles the hours dance
Across the gold-brown surface of the earth.

From tree to tree flutters my bird-free soul,
Harkening the pinetrees' song
Of shadowy fronds and oozy seaweed life

The song of the elder world,
With wings outspread I rest in memories
Until the smiling valley, sunshine-kissed,
Enchants me—and I straight forget all else.
The glittering wonder of far Colorado peaks!

A. M. W.

Rendered into English Verse
by Helen Randle Fish.

The first years in the new field were, however, not without their trials, struggles, and doubts. With her shy, reserved nature, her quiet unassuming, yet dignified manner, her simple almost Quaker-like dress, she did not herald her coming with flare of trumphets, nor did she peddle her wares with great display; but as the open-hearted, big-minded westerners learned to know her and began to realize what really lay hidden behind

a modest, reserved exterior they were open to conviction, and when convinced they were ready to accept. As the years passed by they learned more and more to appreciate the true worth of this scholarly and versatile woman who had come into their midst. As she grew to see the confidence which they day by day and year by year bestowed in her she in turn unfolded and gave to them the flower of her thought and the deep love and sympathy of her warm heart. In reply to a letter which she sent Dr. Terry almost two years after coming to Wyoming, he replies as follows:

"May 7th, 1904.

"My dear Miss Wergeland:

"I have received the two papers which you so kindly sent me. In the first place it is a real gratification to me to know that in the charm of your new surroundings you have not forgotten your old friends who are deeply interested in your welfare, but in the second place and most, to know that your surroundings are developing attractions as charming, and that you are getting so good a hold upon the new environment: not that I had any doubt that it would be so, so far as people were concerned, but I was afraid that you would find things there so different, the people so different from what you have been used to, that, in a word, you would hunger for the East and its ways. But I am sure that the sense of being one of the builders not only of a great state university but of the state itself through the ever widening and deepening in-

fluence of its university must in itself be an inspiration to much that leads to the very highest idealism. I envy the opportunity which is yours.

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"Very cordially your friend,

"Benjamin S. Terry."

It was a delight to Dr. Wergeland upon coming to the new, not long established institution, to find a library of which few institutions so young could boast. One of the first things that she recorded of her observations upon her arrival was this: "I spent this morning in the library. I like to be there. I like the books and the view."

In this library, too, she learned to know Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, a woman quick and keen of observation, generous of heart, and ever ready to uplift and upbuild, as Dr. Wergeland herself termed her "an adornment to her profession." She saw in Dr. Wergeland almost at the very first meeting, a woman with a big soul, a warm pulsating heart, a gentlewoman of much refinement and a person of unusual intellectual abilities and learning. It is not strange that these two women were drawn to each other, for they were women of kindred spirits. Both were alive to all great problems of humanity, and were earnest, strong advocates of woman suffrage. They were both women of literary tastes and pursuits, poetic natures, who both loved birds and flowers, and were worshippers

of the wonders of God's creation. They both had artistic temperaments and loved passionately art and music.

Naturally a close and beautiful friendship sprang up between them. Dr. Hebard became henceforth the prime factor in Dr. Wergeland's life and they remained life-long and lasting friends. In her first collection of Norse poems, "America Magna and Other Poems", which by the way, was dedicated to Dr. Hebard, is the following, a touching tribute of one faithful friend to another:

An unconventional picture of Agnes M. Wergeland, 1903.

THY HAND — Hic pietatis honos?

A hand, a hand! What is a hand?
'Tis thought and will and sight made deed,
The soul's self by a sudden change revealed,
That like a lightning flash illumes
The half-guessed image of a friend.
It is the spring of that fine instrument
Whose delicate and cautious index shows
Whatever strain's put on ability,

Marks zeal, desire, and dynamic will
At ever-varying pressure in the soul.
It measures talent, manner, and the scope
Of character, what benefit is loosed,
What good or bad in deeds materialized.
A hand! It is a link, a guide
From self to others.

Was it Scarlatti's, hark!—or Chaminade's—
The toccato that the pianola played?
I listened only to a blur of tones,
Of myriad voices, weaving to and fro,
Ingeniously, incessantly:
Now like the murmurousness of crowds,
Now rippling brooks, and now a wild free leap
Out on the open plain,
And glimpses of blue sea.
Through open windows came
Cool stillness of the tranquil summer night,
It was a mild and contemplative hour:
Thou didst sit and dream,
And drink in music, cheek on hand;
All that fantastic imagery
Was joy unto thy music-thirsty soul.
Ah, it was wondrous music! Sweet indeed
Beneath high trees to wander or to dream;
With a more blest intrusion to press on,
To glide from glory into greater glory,
Of self unconscious, with unburdened mind.

The music ceased.—I knew not—
Thy hand was all my thought,
So small and fine and delicate it was,
The gentle throne for thy mild spirit,
Thy strong and lovely profile's complement,
Thy very self, thy soul, thy roguish smile.
For all its whiteness 'tis a working hand:
Its clever fingers are the surest bond
Between work and that wise clear will of yours
Which is work's spirit.

Oh hand, of great and small the instrument,
Plaiting with kindly care the thousand strings
Which bind us, it is thou
That with good counsel, as of friend to friend,
Helps us to find each other,—lightening so
The toilsome way for many a weary foot,
Renewing courage in those most cast down:
Forever helping, putting us aright
In many thousand ways, now this, now that,
For enemy, for friend, in self-forgetfulness,
Nor stint nor limit to these services.
That little hand, which touches now thy cheek,
Is greater than us all: our friend, our general.

And I would gladly kiss those flower-stems,
So jealously half-hid by lace and silk;
And in my own how gladly I would hold
Thy warm hand, index of thy noble mind.

Thy hand has never done a creature harm,
Played false, or with a coward dagger struck:
Yet it has swung a sword!
And like a swordsman fenced,
With rapid feint and thrust,
For right and justice, and above all else—
For future—for defense of self,
Thy hand has vanquished foes.

This is not all. 'Tis not alone attack,
But clever countermove makes nought,
Of other's snares; adroit diplomacy
Dashes aside the clumsy knife of those
Who play but loosely. Use thou both thy hands!
Build up! build on! and surely reach the spire,
That nowhere in its wall a crevice bears;
But stands a tower, mighty, whole, and free!

For nothing is accomplished, small or great,
That has not been devised, planned, and drawn
With clear and orderly foundation laid
Before fulfillment. Then thou would'st
With never-ceasing toil, lay stone on stone,
And beam on beam, with selfless diligence.
Until at last a living, vital thing
Grows from the least of trifles;
No longer vague, mere vapour of ideas;
But real, vivid, and well-pondered art.

This is thy work, and it is greater still
Since thou hast suffered.
Suffering and work are the ill-mated pair
Thy hand has harnessed: With these two
Day after day, in sunshine and in rain,
Through stone and sand, thou hast plowed the hard,
hard ground,
Without complaint or sign of bitterness,
With smiling lips, and warm, clear-lighted eyes.

Thou has not asked for thanks;
Alas, thou hast not dreamed of gratitude;
This is thy dream: Man shall be ever great
In aim as life, in deed as word.
And, therefore, when thou listeneth to the music,
Shalt thou forget each taunt or criticism,
And hastening down long paths, as one who seeks
A kind and brave deliverer,
Find the still plains of evening bright with gold,
And far beyond, the beckoning open sea.

H. R. F. A. M. W.

Dr. Hebard has been in the service of the institution almost since its inception and has served it as a member of the Board of Trustees, Secretary of the Board, and Librarian, has since been Professor in the Department of Economics and Librarian. She has served the University and the state in many capacities, in positions of honor and trust, and has during this

year of 1916 completed a full quarter of a century's service to this institution which she has guarded like a loving mother. Dr. Wergeland found her a woman of many interests and activities.

She is a woman of athletic propensities as well, and was at that time a wonderfully skillful golf player, indulged in fencing, rifle-shooting, and all outdoor and indoor sports. Both she and Dr. Wergeland were fond of taking long tramps. Naturally Dr. Hebard awakened in Dr. Wergeland interest in these activities and especially did they enjoy together the game of golf. It became a usual sight to see the two together on the golf links. Dr. Wergeland entered into the sport with just as much determination and perseverance as any of her other pursuits and it did not take long before she even in the eyes of her instructor no longer was a novice.

Often on their long walks they carried with them a rifle and Dr. Wergeland, as well as Dr. Hebard, became an adept as a marksman. Fond of all living creatures, the forlorn and homeless dogs soon learned to look upon her as a friend and would frequently follow when they saw the two friends start off on their cross-country jaunts.

During the winter months they practised fencing and during the long winter evenings would enjoy a quiet game of chess, or if quite alone Dr. Wergeland would play for her music-loving friend the favorite composers, a rare privilege given only the intimate few.

All these diversions brought new and fresh impetus to a life which hitherto had been all too monotonous and dreary. The sun in this western country was beginning to shine upon her life and at the close of the year she writes these lines in her diary:

"The last day of the year has come around once more. When I think of last year, when I was alone and how I struggled for hope and assurance—how much I have been blessed with since then. I can never praise God enough for the loving kindness shown the child of many troubles. May I be thankful always for what is bestowed on me and trustful that I am not forgotten by divine mercy. May I be true to my charge and serve with an upright heart. May I learn to be as my loves are, faithful and good, and may I be granted to be loved by them and love them. May I enjoy and deserve all their kindnesses. May my sins be forgiven and may I learn to abhor and avoid all selfish acts and whatever gives offense to the soul, destroys goodness and beauty. May my happiness be preserved to me, the beloved ones who have given my life warmth and light and power, the human sunshine which has helped me on and nurtured heart and mind and will alike."

The work at the University was at first much of the hard elementary kind for which she had not particularly fitted herself—not all work was collegiate, but high school, college and graduate—the youth, I fear, were often perhaps unmindful of their responsibilities and careless of their actions. There was much up-hill

work which to her was hard, hard drudgery, but she conscientiously and doggedly labored much as the pioneer must do who breaks the virgin soil and plows the first furrows.

When she ultimately was given only college and graduate work and could confine her energies and her talents to her particular branches of study, for which she was peculiarly fitted, then did she come into her own—she achieved what she aimed to do—she had reached the goal and had steadfastly maintained her ideals.

The following is a loving and sincere token of regard by Mrs. Preston, one of the College circle, a brilliant elderly woman, who for a time lived in Laramie. Dr. Wergeland was very fond of her and when speaking of her after their first meeting said: "She is pleasant, mellowed, and kind." In this, her tribute, Mrs. Preston does not speak only what her own heart feels, but what a host of friends who learned to know and love Dr. Wergeland, deeply felt:

"If I could write the things I have often said to many whenever Dr. Wergeland's name has been mentioned, it would be thought eulogistic; and yet after all—how inadequate. She was certainly one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. She inspired in me respect, admiration, and love. What a jurist she would have been, with her high sense of justice, her quick comprehension of the various phases of a subject, and her unerring judgment! Her life,

however, was devoted to study and teaching; but she was far more than an expounder of facts, she was also an inspirer. Fortunate were those of her pupils who were of an impressible nature and of a receptive mind, for they got much more from her than could be gained from mere text books. When in Wyoming I used to see her often, and always with profit as well as pleasure, ever with the feeling that I had gained something, not always because of the things she said, that could be formulated, but the modest and sincere *way* in which they were said, leaving one with the feeling that there was a great reserve of knowledge, that the tunes were not all played, that there were many more in her repetoire, an exhaustless fund, "a mine and not a pocket," in mining parlance. I always had the wish to see her again and again. Someone has said that "genius is self-conscious", but it did not seem true in her case, for she seemed oblivious or unconscious of her wonderful ability. Did you never wonder at her great versatility—when you knew of her thoroughness and mastership in special lines? How few realized what a thorough knowledge of music she had; and this was true in other fields of knowledge. She was absolutely free from pedantry; had she been less modest and retiring, but more ostenatious and self-revealing, her capabilities would have astonished many who did not dream or realize that a great personality was among them. It is a source of gratification to me that there are those who are taking pains to honor and perpetuate her memory and help us all to realize in

some degree her greatness; for she *was truly great.* "Goodness is true greatness" and hers was shown not only in great things but in small as well. While her mind and heart were occupied with vast and far-reaching subjects, she was not superior to looking after the interests of the humblest servant girl to see that she was properly placed and provided for.

"She had a spirit of true helpfulness, quick to discover a need, or discern merit. And what self abnegation! How appreciative of any trifling favor or courtesy shown her! Instead of claiming recognition she seemed surprised when is was accorded. I can never forget how pleased she was that we all went down to bid her "bon voyage" when she last sailed from New York to visit her native land. She took us to her cabin, or stateroom, which was quite expensive—one of the best on the steamer—and in showing its advantages she half apologetically remarked: "I thought if I were seeking health I must do everything possible for recovery." She needed an outside room for light and air, because it was best for her, not that she cared for style or luxury. When Dr. Slosson brought in the box of beautiful flowers presented by her Wyoming University colleagues and friends, she could scarcely speak for awhile, so touched was she by their thoughtfulness. It was a pleasant surprise.

"Woman suffrage, which was then receiving much attention in Norway, met with her cordial approval. She little knew that by her noble, consistent life she was doing more for the cause than the most noisy

propagandist! She was a model reformer. While unwilling to destroy anything old that was good, she had an open mind to accept the new.

Mary G. Preston."

How she was regarded by her colleagues is well voiced in this beautiful thought by her devoted friend and colleague, Dr. June E. Downey:

"How often we read of the silent but regenerating influence of personality and how seldom in this hurried age of incomplete expression do we actually experience such an influence. But very evidently was it exerted by Dr. Agnes Wergeland upon those around her, for her life and character gave to an extraordinary degree the effect of completeness and of self-mastery. Dr. Wergeland made no effort to impress people; she never preached at them, nor made a parade of her own beliefs and principles; she lived quietly, unostentatiously, sincerely.

"I recall her first appearance among us. Her somewhat abrupt manner, her unconventionality, her slight foreign accent, pronounced at times of shyness, made her at first seem somewhat alien and remote. But gradually as the years passed, the people of the little University town came to appreciate her unusual qualities of mind and heart. In spite of her reserve, her diffidence, her fastidiousness—perhaps because of them—love of her took deep root in that stirring community on the western prairies. How manifest was that love on the quiet Sunday afternoon when the

students of the University followed her to her grave in the shadows of the college halls! Did she realize, I wonder, while living, how warm was the affection she inspired—how her ability, her simplicity, her sincerity, had won the admiration and devotion of all?

"Very sensitive and shy, Dr. Wergeland was, at first—I think, somewhat startled by the boisterousness of the American student, not quite sure of the quality of his fun nor his rough and tumble method of doing things. But with time she came to view them with amused detachment.

"Her own humor was quiet, quaint, delicate. I recall the last evening I spent at The Doctor's Inn, and my enjoyment in hearing her tell in her inimitable way of her trip of the past summer. It was one of those rare occasions when Dr. Wergeland expressed herself freely in picturesque and humorous terms. I recall how she even imitated for us the curious steps of the Indians whom she had seen dance at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. With her instinct for the historic, she had deeply enjoyed this glimpse of primitive times and of a primitive people. But the Grand Canyon itself—that immense gash in the earth—had appalled her, overwhelmed her with its grotesqueness, with its savage magnificence. It was to her as a graveyard of the centuries—too awesome to be loved.

"Dr. Wergeland's thoroughness, her conscientiousness, never failed to impress me when I served on faculty committees with her and noticed the precision with which she recorded the details of our discussions

and decisions. Her shyness made public speaking something of a trial to her but her patient preparation, her dignity, her beautifully chosen words made each such occasion one to be remembered by those who heard her. Phrases of her coinage have long lingered in my memory, bringing the conviction that such distinction and perfection of style are always the revelation of distinction and beauty of mind.

"Today, as I sat upon the great rocks that jut out into the deep sapphire of Monterey Bay, the rich blue of the sky overhead, I rejoiced that Dr. Wergeland's last summer was so happy a one, that her holiday took her among the beautiful byways of our western coast. I cannot read, alas! the poems that Dr. Wergeland wrote in her native tongue of the seas and pines of Monterey, but I can realize how their beauty would delight and inspire her, for at heart she was an artist with a remarkable gift for the perception of form. A trained musician with a delicate melodious touch and an exquisite power of interpretation of the master-composers, she nevertheless regretted that she had not been given the painter's training rather than that of the musician because, as she once said to me, the musician's nerves are ever tense, his extreme sensitiveness makes him too highly strung, too emotional, but the painter may live in the big out-of-doors and be a happier, less complex child of Nature.

"It is difficult to think of Dr. Wergeland as no longer responding to the beauties of this world, no longer following the large issues of history and of

contemporary thought with penetrating insight, no longer living modestly and greatly in our midst, but realizing this, we realize also that she has left an abiding sense of her presence.

"June E. Downey."

To no one was Dr. Wergeland closer than to her student friends. The tribute given her by Mr. Anderson expresses what will echo and reëcho as long as her great work lives:

Dr. Wergeland as a Teacher

(*By one of her Students*)

With a deepened sense of gratitude for having had the privilege of being a student of Dr. Wergeland, and with a pronounced feeling of the inadequacy of my words to ever express her many valuable qualities as a teacher, I write these lines in appreciation of her. During the last two years, spent in study at one of the greatest American universities, my estimation of her work as a teacher, measured by larger standards, has greatly grown.

Dr. Wergeland had a mind so endowed with great possibilities and so enriched by years of contact with the best knowledge and thought of the world as to produce an intellect powerful, accurate, and far-seeing. Her innate ability was broadened by much travel and extensive study among other peoples. She was well educated in Norway, then went to Germany and

Switzerland for further study, and finally came to the United States, where the remainder of her life was spent in college teaching. In all of these places she spent considerable time and gained an intimate knowledge of the lives and institutions of the people.

Nowhere did this show to greater advantage than in her course on American history. There was no blind acceptance of American ideals or developments as correct or right because they were American, but a careful survey and analysis of all the factors, good and bad, which entered into American history; a survey that was accompanied by much constructive criticism. American problems were real and vital to her and needed for their solution the very best thought of all countries.

That her life was a part of the larger life of the period was evidenced by her course on the "History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century." Her family was keen and intelligent and took a deep interest in transpiring events. From girlhood she was accustomed to discuss and hear discussed the important problems vexing Europe. Her knowledge of foreign languages (early acquired) enabled her to follow in foreign periodicals the course of current events. I remember hearing her remark that as a girl she had read about the Franco-Prussian War in the German and French papers. During her lifetime she carefully and studiously observed the culmination and beginning of many great movements.

The accuracy and depth of her insight has been

brought home with great force by the events which lead to the Great War in Europe. At the time of the first Balkan War she stated that she felt this was the forerunner of a greater war which would involve all Europe. Her analysis of the development of the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente and of the probable consequences indicated a profound knowledge of the political and economic life of modern Europe.

Dr. Wergeland was imbued with the modern historical viewpoint; that history is a science and as such is to be studied with accuracy and precision. Every authority was consulted, every source scrutinized in order to secure facts. Her history was not of the romantic or poetic sort but a narrative exposition of historical facts based on clearly defined principles. In her special field, the history of slavery and serfdom, she was regarded as an authority and wrote many articles and reviews. Greatly impressed with the evolutionary conception of history she emphasized the gradual evolution of institutions and peoples. The race of man was striving toward a goal and becoming more conscious of its powers although the goal itself was unknown. The fundamental philosophical and psychological principles underlying historical theory were understood and used in the interpretation of advancing events.

Other marked influences upon her scholarship and teaching were to be found in her wonderful versatility. Her ability as a linguist made it possible for her to become familiar with the historical sources and lit-

eratures of many countries. Her artistic training and talent in music, the Fine Arts, and poetry, added to her teaching a group of æsthetic interests and feelings that broadened the whole treatment. Deep interest in philosophy and ethics gave her familiarity with the progress of human thought. Years of work as a reviewer and critic for many periodicals and as a contributor to many more added scope and comprehension to her work.

Dr. Wergeland's method of teaching was the library method. The references included primary and secondary sources, giving the student the views of both contemporary writers and those who wrote long after the events had taken place. In a young university such as Wyoming, classes are small, so that this method of instruction can be used to the best advantage. She demanded a considerable amount of work, at the same time sacrificing nothing in quality. I do not recall ever having met with one of her students who was displeased with her courses on any other ground but that she demanded much hard and conscientious work.

In correcting errors Dr. Wergeland was never sarcastic or cutting, but in a concise way went to the root of the matter. She desired definite statements as well as accurate facts. I remember well how she used to abhor the "to a certain extent" 's and the "some" 's which were scattered through my papers. Statements were to be unequivocal and express their meaning clearly and concisely.

Many of her students formed the habit of getting

to class a little early, since she often discussed matters of immediate interest in the few moments before the bell rang. Often she talked about current political events, more often about matters that directly concerned the student body, such at football games, organizations, and other school activities. Her interest in student affairs was keen and active. Particularly do I remember her stating that she didn't like football very much as it was entirely too rough, but she was fond of baseball as it was less dangerous and required great skill. There were two members of the football team in one of my classes. They came a little early to the first class after a disastrous defeat. Dr. Wergeland complimented them on the game they had played and advised them to keep up their spirits and fight hard in order that they might come out better next time.

The students in Dr. Wergeland's classes were continually surprised at her wonderful memory for details and minute facts. Again and again have I seen her correct a student reading a report, when he had made a very slight mistake. She had one of the most remarkable memories with which I have ever come in contact. But she was not a mere collection of details. That sense of proportion which was so evident in her artistic work was also exemplified in her teaching. Facts and theories were continually correlated with other facts and theories in such a way that the significant things were emphasized and the unimportant merely mentioned.

The preciseness of her English was another source of wonderment to her students. It seemed almost impossible that one born and reared in a foreign land should use English more correctly and have a better command of words than well-educated native-born Americans.

As I look back on my college course I would place Dr. Wergeland's course on the "History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century" among the three or four courses which have had the greatest bearing on my life. In that course dealing with the events of a rapidly progressing period, when mankind was moving ahead along so many different lines, she found great opportunity for self expression and the use of her many talents.

As a great teacher, Dr. Wergeland will always live in the lives of her students. As they grow to maturity, they will appreciate more and more the breadth of her knowledge, the accuracy of her observations, and the greatness of her personality.

John E. Anderson.

THE UNIVERSITY AND ITS INTERESTS

SO little is really known about Wyoming and her neighboring sisters that I hope the reader will not think it a digression on the part of the writer if at this time we pause a little to view the environment in which Dr. Wergeland found a permanent home and loved to linger.

It is true that in our school geographies we did learn that Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming and that the Yellowstone Park is a wonderful National reserve marked off by a little square patch in the upper left-hand corner of the map of that state. Our childhood circus days recall quite vividly to our minds "Buffalo Bill" and his Wild West Show, but I doubt if we knew where he and his buffaloes hailed from except that they came from the visionary West.

A most romantic delineation of cowboy life, with Wyoming for its setting, has been given us in Owen Wister's "The Virginian" and this is the picture which many see when Wyoming is mentioned. A few, too, have learned to know Wyoming through Caroline Lockhart's romances of the real West. Some are able to trace on the map the Oregon Trail which was the highway to the far West in the days of the gold-seekers and subsequent migration, but much of its history is still unknown except to a very few. Perhaps

some are able to tell us how woman suffrage first saw its fulfillment within that commonwealth. Prospectors have traveled its highways and by-ways and know of the hidden wealth of oil and ore and the big open stretches of grazing lands and mighty mountain forests. But if we should mention its commercial centers, its institutions, or the beauties of its untrodden paths—how many have any conception, whatever, of these things? Some can scarcely locate Wyoming, let alone the rest. If we should mention Laramie, how many east of the Mississippi could really tell us what it is and where it is? How many really know that at that place is located the University of Wyoming, the pulsating heart of a state with a great promising future, for from the state institution must come the youth who are to go out to wield and weld the state. They are the capital in its enterprises and the bulwark of its freedom.

Laramie is a two hours climb from Cheyenne westward on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad. It has a proud place, perched high upon the very backbone of the Rockies. The great Laramie Plains on which it looms up are so expansive that one might easily imagine one were on the rolling prairies of Minnesota or the Dakotas, were it not for the snow-capped peaks and the pure exhilarating mountain air.

Dr. Wergeland had not been in Laramie long when she wrote this description of the surroundings of her new home:

"There are some very fine people in this town, but

somehow the place has the frontier character, struggling, painfully struggling upward, slowly acquiring something of the gifts and graces of civilization. The best thing far in advance of the little town are the mountains which far away to all sides of the vast plain show up, snowy tops to the south and west, blue ranges and grayish golden hills to the east and north. They give you the benefit of being near to something with the breath of greatness, of dignity and of power. There is this good thing about the town, situated as it is on a plain, almost in the centre of it, that from every point north or south, east or west you can gaze at these mountains. The streets being laid out exactly according to the compass, you can by following one of their embryo "avenues" come a few paces nearer to the beautiful blue and purple and golden land beyond, that smiles, or glows, or beckons as light shifts and changes and even frowns and threatens as the night approaches and all grows weird, cold and mysterious; or as the wind sweeps the storm clouds in a glowering bank just over those snow-clad tops and hides them and the plain in dust or in snow as the whims of Nature dictate.

"This town is the site of the University. One can see the building, the university building proper, for some distance—but nothing, not even the largest edifice, appears very large on this enormous plain with the mountains flanking it. The town and the University, too, very soon sink out of sight when one travels away from it for some little distance."

Dr. Wergeland lived to see many changes wrought

in the little University town and its centre of learning. In her first collection of verses she dedicates a poem to "When the City gets its Waterworks" for she knew full well that through its beneficence would come a great transformation.

Now the city has a population approaching 8000. It is an orderly, well-kept, and up-to-date town. It is attractive with its wide, clean streets, and its neat, modest homes, which speak for home comfort rather than luxury and splendor. In the summertime the garden plots around almost every home cannot but attract attention and make one admire the care and love given vegetation not maintained without much labor and tender watchfulness. Because of the high altitude even midsummer snows, frosts, and high winds are not infrequent. Then it is touching, indeed, to see how the kitchen gardens each night are tenderly put to bed with their sheets carefully tucked about them by gentle loving hands. This nurturing of all plant life is beautiful in its conception and might well be a lesson to many who squander and abuse Nature's gifts where life and growth are more lavishly bestowed. Even public buildings boast of their flower-gardens and green velvety lawns. Quite in evidence in many places, in front of churches, homes, and other buildings, are brilliant beds of hardy flowers, planted and left unmolested between the street-curbing and the sidewalk. Rows of cotton-wood trees line each side of the streets and clusters of blue spruce adorn the lawns.

The University is a rather prepossessing complex in the outskirts of the city, its campus extending northward and westward out over the plain with the snow-decked mountains round about. The half dozen or more buildings are rather closely huddled together as

A view of the University of Wyoming.
Campus and Main Building with Tower.

if seeking strength in unity. This is perhaps particularly noticeable because of the ample stretch of its campus, beyond which are the Silent City, the red foothills and their big brothers the lofty snow-capped peaks. To some this campus might seem somewhat exposed and barren but when we consider that this

state has a population scarcely half that of many of our larger cities, that every inch of fertility has been wrested from nature by the sweat of the brow, that almost every foot of land was once an arid waste, then we must marvel at what this struggling state has done for the education of its youth. What labor of love has been performed by pioneers in learning, what furrows have been plowed in dry and rocky soil, what seeds of strong germination have been sown and what sturdy growth has been developed within the lifetime of those who began the work and are still tilling the soil. Of these pioneers we might well sing with Robert Service, who knew what the life of the West was and could sing from the heart:

> "You who have lived in the land,
> You who have trusted the trail,
> You who are strong to withstand,
> You who are swift to assail:
> Songs have I sung to beguile
> Vintage of desperate years,
> Hard as a harlot's smile
> Bitter as unshed tears."

Much care and patient endeavor has fashioned from these once waste areas wonderfully green stretches of lawns dotted with shrubbery, groups of beautifully blue spruce and other hardy native trees that border both sides of the walk leading from the main gate to the Old Main, a gray-stone building now

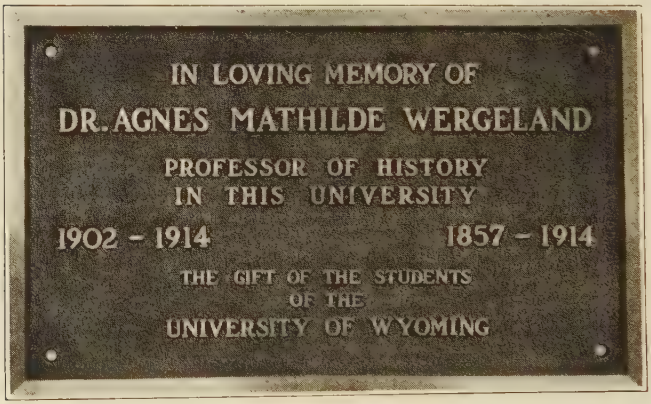
deprived of its old historic tower. Beds of poppies, nasturtiums, geraniums, give the added splash of color to the landscape. Imbedded in the cement of the steps of the main entrance is a bench mark on which is inscribed:

Bench Mark
embedded in cement of front steps
of the Main Building.

Before entering let us linger for a moment by this particular group of lovely firs, not far from the lofty flagstaff, outside the main building. This particular tree before which we are now standing is known as the History Tree and was planted by Dr. Wergeland and her classes Arbor Day some years back. Appropriate exercises at the time marked its planting. Dr. Wergeland herself with spade in hand lifted the soil that gave it growth. Today it stands as a living monument in her memory, tall, shapely, and proud.

A stone's throw away within the old historic structure, which marks the beginning of this institution, is the classroom where she for twelve years saw classes

come and go, and where she did noble service for the institution and the state. In that same building and on the shelves of its library is housed her wonderful collections of books: English, Norse, Swedish, Danish, German, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian. They comprise literature, art, philosophy, history, law, political economy and other branches of study, a wonderful collection, a visible expression of what she was and is, because her work still lives on and will continue to live on to coming generations. As a token of their love and devotion, and a lasting testimonial of their high esteem, the students have caused to be placed on the walls of this library a brass memorial tablet which bears this inscription:



Above this tablet hang three portraits. In the centre is a striking likeness of Dr. Wergeland taken only a few months before her death. To the left is a

picture of the famous Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg, her beloved teacher and the inspiration of her music. To the right is that of Henrik Ibsen, the greatest exponent of Norse poetry and prose, the stellar light of the modern drama. Above all three hang some of Dr. Wergeland's favorite casts and pictures.

At the time when these various memorial gifts were presented to the University the Board of Trustees received from Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard a money gift to be known as the "Agnes Mathilde Wergeland History Scholarship." This is the largest single individual donation ever made this University. The gift is to remain a perpetual fund, invested in good security, the interest to be given yearly as a scholarship to a student in history unless no student be found worthy of it.

The year following Dr. Hebard gave an equal amount to the Royal Frederik's University of Christiania, Norway, to be known as the "Professor Doctor Agnes Mathilde Wergeland Legacy". Premiums from the perpetual capital are to be awarded *women* who have studied history at that institution. The award is to be given for a thesis treating of Norway's relation to the United States in regard to people, commerce or general intercourse, or if the authorities deem fit it may be used for a history scholarship granted women students of the university who wish to study history or economic conditions in the United States.

Both donations which Dr. Hebard has given to perpetuate the name and work of her beloved friend

will live on to promote just such interests as Dr. Wergeland herself might have wished to advance, and will be a living memorial of the work for which she lived and labored. The one gift is a grateful appreciation for privileges bestowed on Dr. Wergeland by the university library of her native home whose doors had always been open to her. The other is a lasting monument which surmounts the supreme efforts of service nobly done and which will live on and on in its unceasing benefits.

* * *

Dr. Wergeland was always interested in all student activities which would strengthen and broaden the classroom work and lift the standard of the University. She manifested a lively interest in athletics, dramatics, and debates. She sought to promote social culture and encouraged civic and economic betterment. If the girls did particularly well in their gymnastic exhibitions, or their amateur performances, she would commend their efforts, pen them a kind note, or perhaps show her pleasure in their success by sending them a box of candy, would in a hundred ways show her appreciations of their laudable endeavors. If the boys needed a word of encouragement in their sports, or a wholesome admonition, or kindly advice, her ever warm heart was ready to respond and extend the helping hand where it was needed.

It was with reluctance that she appeared on the platform at assembly or ever spoke in public. Her shy nature made this a trying ordeal, but at such rare

A corner in the Library at the University of Wyoming.

occasions when she did address the student body she was shown the utmost reverence and marked attention, for her efforts always bore a message. She instilled in her listeners the lessons of patriotism, loyalty, and duty. On such occasions as Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays she not only reviewed the lives of these great men but always sought to bring to her young friends something which would make them feel their duty to their country and their flag.

The History Tree
planted Arbor Day, 1906.

She always entered into the spirit of all special days of mark and was keen as to their observation. Being a lover of trees she naturally made much of Arbor Day, and on all national holidays she gave visible expression to her strong feeling of patriotism by unfurling to the winds the Stars and Stripes. Loyal to her native land, she never forgot to likewise display the Norwegian banner on similar occasions. She must have imparted to the

youth that gathered about her much of that same spirit with which Henrik Wergeland was so richly imbued. He was the most beloved of Norwegian poets, not only because of what he wrote, but because of his intense love of liberty and his big warm heart. As the friend of the common people, he is lovingly called by them "Henrik", "The Father of the Seventeenth of May", "Norway's Greatest Patriot".

Dr. Wergeland, true to the name and like her great kinsman, loved dearly the land of her fathers. She once said in the days before she had really gained a footing in the new land: "I am a patriot no matter how long I live in another land and however much I may owe it. What Henrik Wergeland lived, fought, and died for: a free and worthy society, a Norway strong because it is righteous, open to every honest effort, united, not by force, but by conviction, tolerant, because it is enlightened—that I, too, have wished to labor for. Circumstances have not considerably favored my efforts, I am here instead of there, but I have learned an endless lot that can benefit my land if I might find a place to work for its welfare."

She did find this place, but not in Norway. Did she not realize she had done a still greater and nobler work for the fatherland when she went out beyond the boundaries of that small ocean-lashed country, crossed the seas, traveled the overland trail and entered new fields of labor and there promulgated the free spirit of Henrik Wergeland which will travel on and on, grow greater and greater, wax stronger and stronger?

Henrik Wergeland Statue at Fargo, North Dakota.

This is one of the greatest gifts Dr. Wergeland gave to the University of Wyoming. To the state of her choice and the land of her adoption she gave the liberal heritage of her forebears.

During one of the last years of her life Dr. Wergeland had bestowed upon her an unusual distinction when she was chosen a Pi Beta Phi by the National Organization of that fraternity. The Wyoming Alpha had been installed but a short time before; it was certainly an honor for the chapter to have Dr. Wergeland included among their number by special dispensation. What she was to this chapter is best testified to in these words by Dr. May L. Keller, the National President of the Pi Beta Phi:

"It is always difficult to estimate in words the influence of a noble life. Much of value and worth in its past analysis is intangible, but as an example of ideal thinking and living Dr. Agnes Wergeland awakened in every Pi Beta Phi who came in contact with her a desire for better living and higher things. Never can anyone who has seen her ever forget that face, framed with white hair, with the clear blue eye that could pierce the shams of life but could also melt into dreaminess as she played the music of her very countryman, Grieg. Historian, musician, friend — that is what Dr. Wergeland meant to her fraternity, and to few women is it granted to receive more universal esteem, respect, and love.

"To the girls of Wyoming Alpha, Dr. Wergeland stood as the ideal companion, the learned woman,

skilled in the love of the ages, yet always ready to give of her abundance to all who needed her from the lowest to the highest. To those of the outer circle she will always stand for three great things she most strongly upheld in the fraternity, and which she so beautifully set forth in the toast she gave on "The Meaning of Being Pi Phi." The friendship and companionship she desired for the Arrow; the uprightness she demanded of every Pi Phi, she examplified in her own spotless life; while the scholarship she besought every Pi Phi to achieve, was her crown of glory, for of her clear Norwegian mind she made "a finely tempered instrument", upon which she played not only for the few who knew her best, but for the world at large. She was truly one of God's gentlewomen."

Her last public appearance was before her own fraternity only a few weeks before her last illness. It was then she gave the toast, "The Meaning of Being a Pi Phi", and to the girls of Wyoming Alpha it has become their golden rule. What better legacy could she leave them?

The Meaning of being a Pi Phi

(By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland)

PI PHI
— stands for —
COMPANIONSHIP.
UPRIGHTNESS.
SCHOLARSHIP.

You learn companionship by the very fact that you are together, call yourselves sisters, bear the arrow. How deeply it sinks, how perfectly is becomes a part of your life, your friends cannot tell, you can't either until a test comes.

But you unconsciously come to imitate the best, you learn a lesson of goodness, however perfunctorily. Companionship is good for many things, it curbs your innate selfishness, it draws you out, if you are inclined to be reticent and secretive, and you also become forbearing—a very good thing for us frail beings.

Pi Phi stands for uprightness. The moral of this word is twofold: Get along at whatever cost; and be honest, don't cheat. This twofold moral, one of which is unmoral, will confront you on every corner you turn during your earthly career, and you, and you alone, will have to decide which it is to be. Victory will be hard, victory will be easy, according to your decision; sometimes there will be a drawn battle. But you cannot say that this fraternity, while you belonged to it, did not point out to you plainly which way you were to go. Pi Phi has ideals. These ideals are based on righteous living, it helps you to be good, it demands of you to be honest, it urges you to speak your mind and be corrected if necessary. But it demands of you careful searching of heart before you condemn, that you do not undermine rather than build up. Criticism is often helpful, but that, too, must be honest, not promoted by the desire to quibble and stab in the back.

Pi Phi stands for scholarship—there, too, it demands the honest endeavor to achieve. It is our sacred duty to make the most of our ability, endowment, to be the best ever if we can, to be as good as we possibly can. There is no excuse there, everyone can excel in some measure, and that one excellence

will bring with it others. As students, you should be the friends of your professors and win their friendship for you by your excellent demeanor, for if you cannot excel in anything else, you can excel in good behavior; it is the very least and the very most that should be demanded of you. But I feel that scholarship includes not only record for behavior, but a record of endeavor to prove that you are ambitious for other honors as well; that you wish to make of your mind a finely tempered instrument.

* * *

The Seminar Course given in Norwegian and French Drama during the autumn of 1906 was a great feature in the history of the University of Wyoming and perhaps Dr. Wergeland's greatest single achievement, and marked her greatest triumph. She had entered the arena, she was master in a field where she rightfully belonged and for which she was peculiarly fitted. It was not a course offered in the curriculum of the University catalogue and the lectures were not given within the halls of the University. The place of the meeting was the Laramie Carnegie Library and the students of the course were the professors of the University and the citizens of Laramie, the scholars and the scholarly of this western University town. The personnel of the class was rather unusual, containing the Dean of the Cathedral, the ministers of several churches, and a goodly number of talented men and women of the place.

As the leader of the seminar Dr. Wergeland appeared in her doctor's gown, giving a dignity and scholastic bearing to the course, and master as she was of the situation she rose preëminently in this circle of peers and compeers. She unfolded to them the mysteries of the land from which she had sprung no less than Ibsen himself. She revealed to them the political, economic and social conditions of Norway as she herself had seen them. She inspired within them the spirit of the North with its sturdy freeborn institutions, and she pictured vividly the Norwegian as he lived the life of these people.

Being intimately associated with Camilla Collett she could give that personal touch to the interpretation that very few if any Americans could give. Camilla Collett had given Ibsen his first inspirations which led to his idealization of woman in his dramas. This personal touch and intimate conception of mutual feelings was forcibly brought out in the study of "The Doll's House". In the final act in the closing lines are these explanatory words: ("Below-stairs a door is heard shutting ominously in the lock"). Questions arose. "Did Nora slam the door, as if in wrath or childlike humor?" "No, no,", said Dr. Wergeland, "She did not *slam* it—she *shut it hard* so as to have it closed—closed forever—as an unsurmountable barrier between her old life, that of a doll, and the new, that of a woman, which she had chosen—a life of hardships if need be, with freedom, rather than one of ease and luxury, with servitude."

The president of the University had said that in giving such a course he would consider it a flight to loftier ideals and fairer plains if but six, at the utmost ten, would enroll. At the very first meeting there were over thirty enrolled and at the close of the seminar fully as many were members of the class and added numbers were in attendance. The course covered six evenings on Ibsen and two each with Dumas and Maeterlinck.

In this course Dr. Wergeland appeared as she had never done before and when she received appreciation and encouragement she unfolded to fullness from head, heart and hand. She had again served the fatherland in noble service. She had given to the land of adoption a rich legacy. He is the greatest patriot who can serve alike *all,* giving regardless of race, nationality, sex, creed or color!

Hon. William Stewart Ingham, a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, and County Librarian of the Laramie Carnegie Library, where the lectures were given, in recalling these memorable occasions, writes as follows:

"Somewhere back in the pages of my memory, recorded in the recesses of the convolutions which anatomists tell us are the retentive processes of the human brain, needing but the right stimulus to bring forward past events and exhibit them as in a mysterious mirror, there is a picture of long, polished tables, with a green plant placed here and there in their length, and an eager company of people, men and women,

seated around. The people have their faces turned in the direction of one woman, who, her greying hair catching the gleam of the electric lights, is reading from a manuscript with a calm, well regulated voice, marked by a slightly foreign accent."

"The face, as I see it, is pale and a little worn, with some sadness in it, but with much of a suggestion of patience and kindliness. The features are refined and gentle; of the kind which one instinctively associates with good breeding, quiet manners, and inner thoughtfulness. The lines about the eyes are those of a student, and the set of the somewhat firm lips indicates self-repression, and struggles which have been faced bravely and steadfastly. It is the face of a woman who has always held to a purpose in life—of one who has found her purpose beset with difficulties—but who has retained something of the brightness and much of the sweetness of spirit with which her course was first determined upon.

"The picture is that of impressions made some years ago. The University of Wyoming was offering a seminar in the study of modern dramatists, and it was held in one of the reading rooms of the public library at Laramie. Of the thirty-five members of the seminar, nearly all were college graduates, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that to all the announcement that Dr. Agnes Wergeland was to lead the work in Ibsen, Dumas and Maeterlink, had been one of the chief attractions which had brought them.

There was very much more than mere instruction

in the papers which Dr. Wergeland read at those seminar lectures, and there was more than desultory talk in the discussions which followed them. There was the stimulus of a perceptive mind apparent in the papers and leading in the talk, so that from the beginning to the end of the several weeks during which she was the leader, it seems to me that the look of eagerness and interest upon the faces about the tables did not diminish even a fraction. Ibsen and his work must remain for all the members of the seminar as an author in whose genius they themselves have a part, because they have heard him presented by one who understood his motives and was in sympathy with his themes and their presentation.

"I knew Dr. Wergeland in another aspect. From her classes in the University there came to me at the Public Library certain eddies and waves of the thoughts which eminated from her work and her personality, in the inquiries made and the ideas advanced by her students who sought for references. There was this peculiarity in the inquiries made by her students, as it appeared to me, that they could be picked out by the nature of the references. There was evidenced the influence of a quiet knowledge of human nature and understanding of historical events that went much beneath the surface. Those impressions were confirmed when, a little later, I took advantage of lectures offered by Dr. Wergeland in post-graduate historical work. She was original and was able to awaken originality.

"Since the death of Dr. Wergeland, I have heard from her close friend, Dr. Grace R. Hebard, something of her life and the difficulties she encountered. The story has greatly enhanced my regard for her memory and added to it a regret that I did not know her better.

"The world has gained by the life of such a brave woman. The efforts she made, the work she accomplished, the thoughts she gave utterance to, are a living force in the mighty sum of that which is pushing humanity to its goal.

"Her life was lonely, perhaps, and her resting place is very far from the land of her birth, but she was a devoted admirer of the beautiful in nature, which reminded her of her native land. She had grown to love the mountains whose quiet shadows now creep each evening to her tombstone in Wyoming."

To what Mr. Ingham has said may be added these excellent words by the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, who was one of those actively taking part in the Seminar Course:

"I well remember the first lecture Dr. Wergeland gave. She occupied fully an hour and a half—perhaps two—and at the end of the period everyone present felt that an unusual person had begun to reveal an unusual dramatic figure in a most unusual manner. Not only by birth and breeding was Dr. Wergeland fitted to handle her subject, but she approached it with a degree of affection and enthusiasm vouchsafed only to a seer and a patriot. To Dr. Wergeland, Ibsen was

a great national figure unfolding to his people and the world an ideal of democracy hitherto unknown.

"This spirit of affection and enthusiasm she soon imparted to her class, and each and every one of us not only read the various plays of Ibsen, but we re-read them, and read everything about them that we could find. Some of us lived at the same boarding house, and we discussed Ibsen, morning, noon and night. A new prophet had arisen—a new vision had dawned on our little community.

"As the weeks went by, Dr. Wergeland recreated each of the plays successively—the characters and what they stood for became living things—and we all felt that in giving this course Dr. Wergeland had come into her own. We had all known of her great scholarly ability; we had been aware of her versatility; we appreciated the fact that she had traveled perhaps more widely and read more extensively than almost anyone else in the community; but not until the seminar did we realize that she was also a poet, a prophet, a seer—in fact, a true artist in the biggest and broadest sense of that word. These meetings with her were rare occasions, and they will live forever in the memories of those who heard her.

F. S. Burrage."

DR. WERGELAND AND SUFFRAGE

CAMILLA COLLETT, Aasta Hansteen, Gina Krog and Fru Qvam are the names of mighty leaders in the woman movement in Norway and it was by their efforts and the coöperation of hosts of other fearless women that universal suffrage first saw its realization in Norway. Camilla Collett was the pioneer and torch-bearer; Aasta Hansteen, the fighter and the butt of ridicule; Gina Krog, the dignified diplomat and propagandist; and Fru Quam, the politician and the lobbyist. Dr. Wergeland knew all these women personally and followed with keen interest their work and championed their cause.

Camilla Collett, timid and reserved, accomplished her work by the strokes of her pen, and was the first woman to lift her voice against the thralldom imposed on woman by writing her book "The County Magistrate's Daughters". Perhaps no book had created quite so much of a stir in Norway as this—the first blow struck for the liberation of woman—the first direct criticism aimed at conventional institutions of marriage.

Aasta Hansteen, strong, impulsive and idealistic, followed close in her wake. With her soul of fire she was the champion who fearlessly fought the battles and was constantly in the thick of the fight. With

a whip in her hand she often paraded the streets in Christiania and believed firmly in the wisdom of

Camilla Collett.
(From a painting by J. Gørbitz about 1840.)

"Spare the rod and spoil the child". She was formerly as much dreaded and hated, and especially by the men,

as she was later respected and esteemed. She was a woman of very plain features and many were the cartoons that placed her in the limelight of ridicule. She was brilliant, but not vain; lived simply and so did not let the sting of the press and the cry of the mob poison her soul, though she often secretly felt the smart of the lash. She possessed a blazing heart which throbbed passionately for humanity. She received her education in Germany and was chosen to be an artist, but suffrage and its cause destined her for its great work. When conditions seemed too oppressive in the small fatherland she sought greater dominions—she set sail for America to gain in the bigger land inspirations for continued work in the native land. About her stay in this country she writes graphically from Boston to Dr. Wergeland, who was at that time still in Norway:

"You ask about America; indeed, I have seen quite a bit of life here during the nine years I have been in this country—from the last days of April 1880 to the first days of May 1889. I have experienced here—with my small Norwegian means over against the Almighty Dollar—what it means to be a proletariat in the face of capital. But after the first four or five years, wherein I struggled as a "newcomer" to adapt myself to conditions, learn to fit into the life here, then I lived in the very cheapest way by doing all my own work: cooking my food, washing my clothes, sewing my dresses,—(that was the very last thing I learned to do, I thought is was an utter impossibility for *me;* but

it had to be!) and otherwise I had the rest of my time at my disposal: I read, wrote, studied to pursue my calling. From the very first I became acquainted with the great reformers, the most celebrated *champions*: Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others—not to forget the glorious Dr. Mary Safford. I took part in their meetings—it seemed like a leap of a hundred years on in time in one dash! At home the women are frightened like the mouse in her hole, silent and afraid that anyone may discover that they exist. These great reform movements are the glory of the United States! These theories are the higher strata, the purer layers of air where one breathes freely while one lives in the belief that some day it will all be a reality. And all these magnificient people whose lives are given to the struggle for the sake of these uplifting thoughts—they are a reality. And to know these glorious women, and to meet with them,—that is good fortune!"

Her letters to Dr. Wergeland for more than twenty years teemed with the same enthusiasm and confidence and must have been a great source of strength in the days of adversity and joy in the serene close of life. Aasta Hansteen lived to see her cause ultimately triumph and the last years of her life were bright with sunshine. In one of her last letters to Dr. Wergeland she wrote: "Indeed, bright, prophetic visions and thoughts now encircle the globe!"

When Aasta Hansteen died April 13, 1908, Dr. Wergeland made special note of this event. In red

ink and in *Norwegian* (which after all was the language of the heart) she penned these words: "Aasta Hansteen died today calmly and peacefully". One of the guiding stars, that had steadfastly lighted the path of Dr. Wergeland's life in her many dark wanderings, had faded and died away.

Gina Krog, another suffrage friend, was a leading spirit in the woman movement and carried into practice Camilla Collett's ideas, and by her writings and her speeches constantly awakened and incited greater interest for the cause in wider and wider circles. She had been a teacher but early gave up that calling to devote her life to the furtherance of suffrage. For many years she was the editor of Nylænde*, the leading suffrage organ in Norway, which she had edited ever since its beginning. She died April 14, 1916, and just at the time of this writing, word has come from Norway that she had been "laid to rest" with great solemnity. She was "buried" by the state and the state authorities were in attendance at the funeral. After the funeral, according to her own request, her body was cremated. A foreign correspondent sends this message across the waters: "In eloquent words a grateful tribute was paid a woman who was a leader of a large part of the people—yea, the largest!—a tribute was paid a woman who demanded nothing for herself:—that is a phenomenon in the world of men; in the world of women it is perhaps more

* Nylænde (new land). First published 1887.

natural. Just about the time Gina Krog died it was decided that the king might choose women to occupy a place in the Council of State—women may henceforth be councillors. At the last election there were more votes cast by women than by men; but the women have elected *men!* In no better way can they show themselves worthy of the trust which has been confided to their care. We have not had any real woman candidate; there has not been any real suffrage campaign at the elections. Nothing has happened to remind us of the practice of splitting freeholds for the purpose of multiplying votes and recalling the struggle which was fought for the equality of men. When the universal vote was finally given men it was only natural that the universal vote be given women; and our women have shown that they are not in too great a hurry; they are worthy of all confidence.

"We must not believe, however, that the women will not assert their rights. But they have entered a field where they have met opposition. The women have learned both to speak and to be silent at the proper moment and they are abiding their time."

What greater tribute could be given Gina Krog and the women of Norway who have gathered under her banner? Let it be a lesson to the outer world still battling with the same great problem. Let the little country of the far North proclaim its gospel to the universe!

In March 1909 Gina Krog wrote to Dr. Wergeland asking her to serve as the representative of the suf-

frage women in Norway at the International Council of Women held at Toronto, Canada, in June of that year; but Dr. Wergeland was just leaving for Norway, having been granted a leave of absence on account of ill health, and could, therefore, not accept the honor bestowed upon her. In the March number of Nylænde for 1915 Gina Krog devoted the whole issue to a touching tribute to her valiant suffrage friend.

On her last trip to Norway, Dr. Wergeland met for the first time Fru Qvam, but their mutual interest in the woman movement made them warm friends. Fru Qvam is probably the greatest living leader of the woman cause in Norway today. She is the President of the National Norwegian Woman's Suffrage Association and as its head has done much not only for equal suffrage but for social and economic betterment. In fact she holds office in every association in the land which promulgates the woman movement and the welfare of humanity.

By her efforts a fund has been created giving assistance and contributions to worthy and gifted women so they may gain a professional or industrial training —skilled labor as well as higher education being promoted. It took years, however, before Fru Qvam could see her plan realized, but it was finally adopted by the National Woman's Suffrage Association in July 1914.

Dr. Wergeland manifested great interest in Fru Qvam's plan and shortly before her death expressed the wish that Dr. Hebard send in her behalf a small

sum to the suffrage cause in Norway. In reply to a letter relative to this matter Fru Qvam recently writes:

"As you well know, the work of the National Norwegian Woman's Suffrage Association has resulted in full and equal suffrage and eligibility to the women of Norway—political as well as municipal. The association still continues to work for women's interests in every respect. In July, this summer, (1916) the Association holds its National Biennial Congress and I intend at that time to give a memorial address in honor of Dr. A. M. Wergeland and will then propose establishing a fund that shall bear her name, to the nucleus of the Legacy and Memorial Fund which according to the statutes constitutes the third group of the National Norwegian Woman's Suffrage Association.

"I think the first person whose name should live through the foundation ought to be the first Norse woman attaining a doctor's degree, the first Norse woman filling a professorship in a university. This monument that I wish to erect in Dr. Wergeland's name, is invisible; but I think the grateful women, who would get a training for their life work through the benefits of the legacy would in the spirit of their work erect a memorial of more value than a monument of stone."

Returning to America Dr. Wergeland met on shipboard crossing the Atlantic Fru Hanna Schydtz, who likewise was a warm advocate of the suffrage cause and likewise became her warm friend. Hosts of

others, not only in Norway, but in Sweden, Denmark, Finland and the United States, hailed Dr. Wergeland as one of their most loyal followers in the cause. Especially do I wish to mention Minne Brun of Denmark, and Maikki Friberg of Finland, both editors and ardent advocates of woman's rights. Ever since childhood Dr. Wergeland had been imbued with the principles of the great cause which was then fermenting mightily in Norway and she zealously watched its progress and rejoiced in its final realization.

She followed the movement in this country with equal interest. Having accepted the position at the University of Wyoming, Dr. Wergeland felt she should become an active citizen of the United States and not remain a foreigner within its domain, enjoying its privileges, but avoiding its responsibilities. Knowing that she was going to a state where universal suffrage was the law she wished without delay to exercise her right to vote. Before leaving Chicago she appeared with a colleague before the Clerk of the Court and on July 23, 1902 she renounced her allegiance to the king of Sweden and Norway. She felt that the land she had wished to serve either did not need her talents or had not deemed them worthy. In her diary she writes: "Today I swore my allegiance to the United States. In two years I shall reappear before a judge, wherever I may be in the United States, and repeat my declaration. Well, my own country did not give me a chance and I must take my chance here."

In commemoration of this momentous day a close

friend presented Dr. Wergeland with a beautiful silk American flag which is with her in her grave.

On Monday, August 1, 1904, she again writes: "Today I was naturalized. Hard for me to take the oath, but the best thing after all. They have forgotten me in Norway. Only old Frøken Hansteen has asked about me at home."

Tuesday, November 8th of the same year, she cast her first ballot in any election. We must say that for the first time she had really established herself in a "home" since she left the country where her cradle had stood. How significant that she chose for this home a place equally liberal in the spirit of the law with that of the land where she first saw the gleam of dawn!

If I may again be permitted to quote from her diary let me just repeat these lines: "Red letter day in my life for I voted and I hope right. I feel very much pleased that I have accomplished so much."

Furthermore may the reader not think me too much absorbed in the life of a greatly forlorn soul when I again bring forth a most beautiful New Year's benediction, one in which she lifted her voice in prayer for the land of her birth when days of trial and danger were imminent.

"Another year draws to a close and although every day begins a new year, yet the old sense of having finished a span of time remains. I can but say that God in His loving kindness has heard my prayer and given me all and more than I asked for. May another

year see me no worse off and no poorer in trust and hope in the Fatherly care I have received. What I dread most is to be left alone in the cold, helpless world and dependent on others. May God grant that I keep my precious ones and be allowed to win out in the struggle to accomplish something and earn my living. Give us, good God, strength; and deliver us from sorrow, evil and humiliation. I am so deeply thankful that this year of 1905 my native country has not seen the horrors of war and that the new king, however unimportant his position seems, is desirous of making his mark in love for the new home.

"Help us, O God, to live rightly and uprightly; make use of our day and our opportunity and not be indifferent to Thy command, that each use his talent to advantage. Forgive us our shortcomings and help us to conquer our faults and grow better in spirit and more devoted in service. Protect us from misfortune, defeat not our best hopes and may not the designs of those who care not whether they harm us and break our courage be fulfilled. Help us in all matters, for if Thy blessing is not upon us nothing will really be achieved. Deliver us from suffering, lingering fear, and that grief which preys upon mind and body. Give us success in our work, help us to do it well, teach us patience, kindness and wisdom, lend us strength and firmness, and help us to win out honestly and well."

It might be well to mention here the fact that during the years in Norway and elsewhere in Europe

Dr. Wergeland was always known as Mathilde Wergeland. Coming to this country she very soon began to write her name Agnes M. Wergeland as she was consantly annoyed by the erroneous spelling and equally erroneous pronunciation of the name Mathilde. In time she came to simply writing it A. M. Wergeland. From bitter experience she had learned that sex was a discouraging factor. Often a favorable comment came as "Dear Sir", many never discovering that the doctor was a woman.

Her ideals were lofty and she steadfastly proclaimed that woman must gain by her own efforts the rights and privileges of the vote. Her thoughts in this matter are clearly set forth in these her own words:

"I have never cared to lead the ranks on the firing line. I have preferred to be one of the soldiers who have worked, laying in the right place the mines which later should blow up the ramparts, but when one is in the trenches one has hard work: I have been obliged to earn my bread besides, and only dry bread at that, so I have had the real hard rock to blast and perhaps do not yet see the goal. But I can, however, say that I have endeavored to break a path by my own quiet efforts. And that is what the women must come to: to conceive the thing as a personal task, to learn discipline not under the domination of another being, but under that of an idea or thought, and learn to endure loss and bear the burden for the sake of the remote future in which we shall have no part. It is the

understanding of this which has made the men great and significant and we must learn from them statehood and coöperation: that is, to live for the great whole. Of course, comparatively few women will see the necessity of this; it takes a long time to educate half of the human race to aspire to anything so great and comprehensive. We have been brought up to see the individual and among us everyone is to a peculiar degree nearest unto himself, but if only a certain percent of the women could understand how little this shortsightedness serves them and all of us, much would be gained. Besides, freedom and rights do not mean only enjoyment, but suffering as well, and one must bitterly earn the distinction of being coequal with the best. If the women wish to be the equals of men, they must educate themselves quite differently than they hitherto have done, with that object in view.

"To be man's equal we mean, however, the correct human thought and will, and not the absurd, circumscribed and confused.

"A nation needs all the strength which it has to be able to keep afloat in the general seething mass, or be swallowed up by it. If independence is our life principle, it must penetrate the whole race and the women, not least of all, must be educated to regard it as a personal task, not something to be given them, but something they must earn for themselves.

"There is no doubt about it, that man has subjugated woman and has become great by it; woman must learn to subjugate man, not by passion but by

wisdom, by appealing to the best within him, that which is purely human, that which has brought the whole world onward and still keeps it going. I think that most people consider me conservative, but I am not conservative at all. I am quite radical. I demand a great deal of the women: they *must* work upon themselves first, last, and all the time; that alone will give the understanding and conception of what really must be done. If the ideal is not a personal thing, it might just as well never exist, it has no influence on conditions of affairs, whatever."

The two Spruce Trees, "Norway" and "Aasta Hansteen" at The Doctors' Inn.

Her intimate friend and house companion, a most active suffragist with the same high ideals and equal intrepidity, says about Dr. Wergeland and suffrage:

"It would be difficult to think of Dr. Wergeland as entirely separated from those things that are distinc-

tively artistic and those that advocate the rights for women. Ordinarily these two characteristics would not only seem incongruous as being possessed by the same individual but they would be deemed impossible. Not so with this faithful and devoted pupil of Camilla Collett and Aasta Hansteen. If Ibsen received many an inspiration for his advanced ideas on the subject of liberation of women from Dr. Wergeland's kinswoman, Camilla Collett, in like degree did Dr. Wergeland in turn receive her first notion of a devotion to the woman cause from this selfsame sister of Henrik Wergeland. In addition to this source of inspiration, in reading the correspondence carried on by Aasta Hansteen to Dr. Wergeland covering a term of more than twenty years, it is not difficult to read between the lines a ruling force that teemed in each letter, setting forth the necessity of freedom for women, all of which had a vital influence on the mind and life work of this disciple of the woman's cause.

Dr. Wergeland never had a realistic conception of what unqualified franchise for women meant until she arrived and lived in Wyoming where women were unrestricted in their voting rights. If she expected to find short-haired, ranting females, she never gave sign of what she thought might confront her; if she expected to find women bombastic fanatics with no inclination nor taste for the domestic side of life, she never expressed her surprise in failing to find the women of Wyoming of this faith and caliber. One, however, is inclined to believe she found to a large

degree, exactly what she hoped might exist in a country where there had been forty years of equal rights. The women did not differ in appearance from those who were not emancipated, though she did observe certain conditions surrounding women which spoke of equality and recognition that were not to be observed in most parts of America and other countries.

It was not a difficult thing for Dr. Wergeland to believe that those women who had had the same qualities for preparation, those women who were equally equipped as were men to hold positions of importance and responsibility, should not only be permitted to perform the work but should receive the same compensation for this work. Never did she think that favor or consideration should be shown women because they were *women,* but that they should be recognized because they were human beings, ambitious as were the men, capable as their brothers, competent as the sterner sex. Hence no discrimination should be made because they were females. There was nothing masculine about Dr. Wergeland. Her advanced preparation for her life's work and her fierce, bitter struggle to obtain a place in which to exemplify her doctrine of equal opportunities regardless of sex had not hardened her and made her lose that wonderful quality of womanliness which she so exquisitely possessed. True it is that she could not abide the woman who was an "eternal feminine" and sang no songs but lullabies. Motherhood was a sacred thing to her, but there was always an underlying conviction that the

greater the mother the greater the child. *Motherhood*, *freedom* and *education* were a blessed trinity.

Never was an opportunity lost to advocate the giving of an unrestricted ballot to woman. She firmly believed that the exercise of this right of voting, called by some a privilege, would be to a large degree the panacea for many of the labor troubles, would help to solve the moral problem and thus directly effect the home. As a nation's development is dependent upon the standards of living of the people of that nation, the enlightened family relations through woman's franchise must give to a nation an advanced standing that could not be attained through only male suffrage.

Dr. Wergeland possessed a soft, low voice, but when she spoke in a company, at dinner, or other social functions, all other conversation was hushed; for it was generally understood that when she spoke she had something to say. Then her voice was never too low to be heard, distinctly heard, a musical voice with a charming, quaint accent which she never seemed to be able to overcome, a fortunate thing for those who knew her and had the pleasure of hearing her converse. Possessing an unusually extended and accurate vocabulary with a delightful bit of rare wit she was able to hold her own in an argument most effectually. Usually waiting until all others had spoken and had expressed their views if the subject was one of general interest, there was not much to be said after she with great modesty had finished with the subject. Un-

consciously she early acquired a reputation in a discussion of "saying the last word" on a subject, be the debate with men or women. Never, however, was the conversation bitter or sarcastic, for a vein of delicious witticism always saved her in an earnestness of strong conviction.

It was not difficult for Dr. Wergeland to fully realize that her position at the head of the department of history in a state university, receiving the same monetary compensation as men professors, was a direct result of woman's suffrage in the state of Wyoming. It must be remembered that Wyoming is the first state in America, or in fact in the whole broad world, which granted to woman the equal and unlimited right of suffrage. At the first legislature in 1869, during the territorial days before Wyoming had become a state, a law was passed which granted to women the same position and salary as received by men, when the qualifications and ability were the same. This law as well as the one giving to women the right of suffrage, also of 1869, has never been repealed and still stands as a part of the statutes of the state of Wyoming.

Fully realizing the advantages women derived from this right of equal suffrage Dr. Wergeland was ever anxious that each state, and in fact each civilized nation, should recognize its women by giving them a part in governmental affairs. When the women of Norway won this recognition there was no one in Dr. Wergeland's native country who more deeply rejoiced

in this signal victory than did she of Norway who by a singular run of circumstances had finally made her home in Wyoming.

It was no easy thing for Dr. Wergeland in 1902 to renounce her fidelity to Norway and swear her allegiance to the United States. As one of her witnesses to the required years of residence in America, it is forcibly to be recalled that when she raised her hand before the judge of the court to affirm the oaths required for citizenship, her lips trembled and the tears came to her eyes as she solemnly renounced her allegiance to the king of a country where her gifted ancestors had striven and labored for a nation's emancipation, to both men and women. It was no trifling affair to transfer national affiliations and allegiance, though Dr. Wergeland had wisely arrived at the conclusion before arriving in Wyoming, that to be identified with a state university one should no longer be an alien, but a citizen of the United States, and of the state in which she was to labor, and as it proved, a citizen of the state in which she died.

Dr. Wergeland and her coworker had expected ultimately to lay aside their educational pursuits and devote the remaining few years that each might have to work and labor for the cause in which they both believed and which they never hesitated to advocate. This work was largely to be in the nature of lectures and addresses in those states in which the women were less fortunate than those where equal suffrage has been granted. Gratitude for all the advantages

coming to her as a result of suffrage, being so keenly felt and appreciated, made Dr. Wergeland unselfishly anxious to help others obtain that which she herself enjoyed. While working for the freedom of women in the home of her adoption she was not unmindful of the work that had been accomplished by the noble women of Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Norway. What her immediate kin tried to do for Norway, its native daughter endeavored to do for her adopted country. For in truth the work and spirit of freedom of Nicolai and Henrik Wergeland and Camilla Collett fell as a mantle on the shoulders of their glorious countrywoman, Agnes Mathilde Wergeland.

The Tired owner's refuge.

THE DOCTORS' INN

DR. WERGELAND had always had a dream of some day having a home of her own. She often spoke of a little Norwegian cabin that she would like to build and enjoy. The time had actually come when it seemed possible that her dream might really come true. She and Dr. Hebard were both without a home and they began to build aircastles together. Soon these began to shape themselves into definite and tangible plans. It was not a little Norwegian cabin, however, but a cozy little two-story cottage.

Late in the autumn of 1905 they set about to look for a suitable location and before the end of the year they bought a lot in the open, not far from the University Campus, where they might have an unobstructed view of the rolling country and the distant mountains.

Early in the new year a hole was dug for a cellar and the work began. Not a day passed that the two friends did not visit the site of the future home at least once a day and often twice. They could tell each stone laid since their last visit, and verily I believe, counted each board that raised the structure above the foundation. Each day of progress became a red letter day in Dr. Wergeland's diary. The work had not been long in moving when the two doctors laid the work of their own hands to that of the builders. As if by

the magic of a fairy wand it was, day by day, transformed into a lovely home.

They tinted the walls, stained the woodwork, varnished and painted the floors. On a ladder they climbed to its attic and covered with paper each crevice and corner and even in the cellar covered the heating pipes with asbestos. Numberless touches, here and there, added during the spare moments of a busy life, gave the home delightful individuality and special comforts.

On Midsummer's Eve the house was completed and occupied; the flagstaff was in its place on the balcony, and with flag afloat the new home was christened "The Doctors' Inn". On a simple little plate above the doorbell the name of the new abode assured all comers that within dwelt the "House of Doctors".

When everything was in readiness Dr. Wergeland, happy in its realization said: "The house proves a great pleasure. The rooms are quite old-fashioned with their dark doors and their light walls. The whole seems sombre, dignified and Dutch; pleasant to behold."

On the upper floor the two owners had their own sanctums which had been planned, built, and furnished as they each had particularly wished. Dr. Hebard's room was a large, airy one extending across the rear of the house with two sunny windows facing the contemplated garden and commanding an uninterrupted view of Snowy Range with its perpetual snows. The

open brick fireplace, the large study table, and numerous book-shelves filled with books, marked this place as the retreat of a person of literary pursuits.

Dr. Wergeland's study occupied the front of the house and had a door leading out to the balcony which was her ideal domain, and many were the delightful hours that she loved to linger there gazing at the open country and Pilot Knob, the wonderful landmark in the hazy blue. The scene was entracing and inspiring and it was ever with deep and sincere grief that she in later years watched the houses one by one growing up fast like mushrooms shutting out the view. About the railing were boxes of her pet flowers which gave her quiet companionship. In this her realm, she declared she was as happy as a king in his own kingdom.

The Balcony at
The Doctors' Inn.

Within her study Dr. Wergeland had her music corner and her beloved piano, her study table, her favorite pictures and her choice books. Adjoining was her own little bedroom.

For the first time in her life Dr. Wergeland shared with a very dear friend a home which she could truly call her own. For nine years she and Dr. Hebard lived

there a home life which was as beautiful as it was charming in its surroundings. Here they dwelt with their books, their pictures, their feathered friends, their flowers. They shared with each other joys and sorrows, the struggles of life and the pleasures of happy days. A beautiful picture of the whole is lovingly painted by Dr. Wergeland in her poem "My Home" which gives us an intimate view of the life the two friends lived together under the same roof:

My Home

World farewell!
I shut thee out when once I shut my door:
My key in its own home-nest locks thee out;
The day's toil now is ended, I am home.
Home, home! and free! Now my own life begins—
My life in many ways so different
From all my neighbors'—I the foster child,
No kin of theirs—a being quite apart
When first I came, yet keen to know and love
The worthiest in this new land of mine.

Still live I my own life,
And of its fulness give my share to others.
But first I needs must have my lonely hour,
Find my own depth before I elsewhere sound;
For only in the stillness I may hear
An answering voice to many questionings.

Hearest thou the kettle sing?
There's fragrant drink,

And warmth and comfort and companionship;
We are old friends, and when my strength had ebbed,
And my pain risen—then its rhythmic song
Has been my comfort. But—praise be to God—
When I come in, there's one who welcomes me:
One who's my help in more than household tasks;
One who makes all my burdens seem more light.
For we know well what life with strangers means,
What crumbs of care the grudging world lets fall,
So two pull best up these long hills of life.

Well, while the meal is eaten, there is talk:
The day reviewed together—friend with friend.
A frugal meal—professors are not rich,
Unless in Germany—we spin no silk;
But every well-earned crumb tastes sweet.
My flowers now—I next must cuddle them.
I weed and water, toiling in the dirt;
For I do love the mould and all that grows,
And if a sprout shoots up the world must see.
The small birds know me—know I am their friend,
Do I not scold the cat and threaten him
With angry words and watering pot upraised?

You know how Chopin, shutting Paris out,
Closing his door on all the feverish world,
Wrote that Mazurka, where in memory
The dream of Poland took him in its arms
And led him home to Warsaw, to the time

Of happy childhood; inspiration's voice
There spoke to him, and he replied in song.
There are so many things I love:
My watch, which warns me not upbraidingly,
To use my time. Right cheerily it ticks,
"Yea well—yea well—well well—well well",
And there'es my zither, delicate of tone,
I love to thrum it; but the art's too hard;
And my piano—once I played it well,
And love Beethoven and divine Mozart;
I often think what music is in Heaven,
Where such great spirits have their singing shrines
And then my pictures: first, my great Bøcklin,
I called him great when others passed him by:
The "Tailor" of Maroni, with the thread
Between his fingers, and his thoughtful gaze:
My brother's berry pickers; Scotch fir trees,
A lovely ship serene after the storm;
Pilgrim of Rheims; Trondhjem's cathedral too:
All my own choice of those I've seen and loved:
My own small sketches too—for once I hoped—
That hope is gone, it lives in others' deeds—
But still it brings me joy; for here I sit
And dream what I might do if I had time,
Here where Wyoming's colors are clear gold,
And lines are pure and airy—but alas
When I was poor I paid the penalty.
Well, I no longer sigh; but none the less,
I long for one fair picture to portray
The intimate sweet yearning of my soul.

To rise, to go to bed is very joy.
A happiness to rest in one's own bed;
A happiness to rise to daily work — —
Not light, nor yet too heavy, work that gives
The bread one breaks in joy and thankfulness,
And makes one grow in thought and will to do,
In wider understanding what life means,
Life, worthiest of opportunities
For conquest or for service, children we
Obedient to the will of this great world.

One said she knew none happier than I;
And I am happy, filled with gratitude,
With thanks because I have a home—my own,
A place where I may live and think my thoughts,
And tune my zither, touch the ivory keys,
Read in my books, and write my songs in peace
Far from the seething unrest of the world,
Its iron rancor, robbery and crime.

I love these four walls, no one knows how much,
They're mine, all mine; in my sick wanderings
I dreamed this room: the pictures on the walls,
The books, the chairs, piano, glowing lamp,
Whose red warmth shone on cold Atlantic waves,
At Warwick Castle, in a boarding house,
In London, Norway, England—everywhere
I saw this shining red lamp of my dreams,
And longed for it—and longed: it spoke of peace.

Now when I sit in my green rocking chair,
And read those I most love—
Say Virgil, Vigny, Shelley, the old Greeks,
Or some sweet singers of America,
My room becomes a gracious meeting-place
For mighty, joyous, tender, endless thoughts,
Pictures and dreams, both sad and glorious,
They all live here, and their inspiring strength
Renews me too, and makes me strong to live,
And glad to struggle on to greater ends.

H. R. F. A. M. W.

The whole poem is permeated with that intense love for *home* which had come to her in the more serene days of life, and when illness overtook her and she was compelled to go away in quest of health she returned to it in her thoughts, which each day and each hour sped back from distant lands.

Mother Norway with all her charms—the fjords, the mountains, the big open sea, the long light summer nights—none could dispel that feeling of loneliness and yearning which forced her back to her little home in the far West long before her health had been regained. The little simple home was her heart's treasure. After all

"Be it ever so humble
There is no place like home."

When the home was first built the yard was a barren spot. With spade, hoe, rake and wheelbarrow,

the pathbreakers of other fields knew how to set about to transform their private acre into a little garden. They arose 5 o'clock each morning during the summer, and by their painstaking work shaped velvety grass plots, planted beds of flowers, added a bit of a kitchen garden, and set out trees. From year to year the garden grew until today it is one of the prettiest little places of the community.

It was with strange feelings mingled with pleasure and sadness that I recently made a pilgrimage to this place. With sadness because the good Dr. Wergeland was there no more, with pleasure because the atmosphere of Dr. Wergeland's spirit still hovered over it.

On the walls were the pictures of her choice and framing: glimpses of many cathedrals she had studied and visited in Europe, views from Norway, mythological and allegorical pictures, the creations of her favorite artists, her own brother's paintings, and in watercolors the beauties of Wyoming. Many of the pictures were fashioned by her own pen and brush and were delightful sketches of cathedrals, corners of churches, scenes of childhood days in Norway and glimpses of Bryn Mawr life.

Then about in the rooms I noticed the red lamp, the Norwegian table-cover, the gargoyles above the doors, and numberless books of all ages and all peoples. The profusion of Navajo rugs, Indian relics, and other pioneer souvenirs contrasted strangely with the mementos of the Old World—the handicraft and

genius of the New vied with the art and culture of the Old.

If you will go with me into the garden I shall try to introduce you to its delights and reveal perhaps

"Martha", the crab-apple tree at The Doctors' Inn, in full bloom.

some of its secrets. I met in this garden and was introduced to a most distinguished coterie of trees: "Aasta Hansteen" is a spruce, somewhat bent, but sturdy and strong in its growth. Whether it is like

the spruce Dr. Wergeland in youth thought the symbol of Aasta Hansteen I dare not say. Not far from it is "Norway", to be sure not as large as "Aasta Hansteen"; but strong and bold as the country for which it is named, it faces wind and storm, snow and sleet. "Oliver" is a fine wild rosebush, named in honor of a little boy friend, the donor. "Martha" is a lovely maiden crabapple tree. When she made her debut in the garden circle she had a most wonderful dress of the loveliest white and pink blossoms. Numerous other celebrities mingled with one another in this court of growth. The flowers, too, were in the retinue. The sweet peas were of such rare beauty that I doubt if ever there were any society buds quite their equal. The rather plebeian sunflowers were more showy and gaudy, and perhaps more brilliant in their gold lace, scarlet and green robes.

In our rounds we visited Eastland, Westland, Viking Lodge and the "Shack", all wonderful bird-houses, the homes of bluebirds, orioles and wrens, when not usurped by sparrows. Daily visitors were the robins, in their red vests, who came to take their morning dip in the water pans put there for the use of the bird community.

Dr. Wergeland was a bird-lover and the birds learned to know her and would follow her about in the yard while she was at work among the flowers. To the bluebirds she has dedicated the poem "L'oiseau Bleu" (May 6, 1911). The sparrows and the cats had made repeated onslaughts on the bluebird nests

and had on this day killed some of Mother Bluebird's young. Dr. Wergeland was sitting on the balcony this bright spring afternoon. Suddenly a bluebird perched on the rail beside her and in plaintive tones tried to express some heavy grief. It was Mother Bluebird. With no attempt to render a finished

The wild purple columbine, Dr. Wergeland's favorite flower, gathered from the mountain side and transplanted at The Doctors' Inn.

English version of the whole poem, I offer these few lines:

"Your little throat trembled,
You spoke of course your own tongue,
It was as if you sobbed!
But I understood you, however,
You asked me for house and shelter,
You mentioned a place

Where your little ones
Might rest in peace.
You turned and you twisted
With Heaven's play of colors—
And I only said: 'Dearest,
Build, build, wherever you will.'"

The Flower Garden and the Sundial
at The Doctors' Inn.

When her house companion came home she found Dr. Wergeland in tears. When questioned, she told how the bird had come to her, and while she sat on the balcony, had poured out in plaintive notes her sorrow.

And now ere we leave this peaceful spot to its own charms let us tarry for a moment before the sundial which commands a place in the center of the

garden. It brings to mind old gardens and keeps time for the birds, the trees, the flowers, and whoever tarries. It reminds us all that: "There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things."

* * *

Some years after the two doctors were established in their new home there appeared in the columns of an Eastern newspaper this amusing little comment:

Not Used to Women Doctors

The Librarian of the University of Wyoming at Laramie is Dr. Grace R. Hebard, a lawyer by education, and a doctor of philosophy. She is also an authoress, having written among other things a volume on "The History of Wyoming". Dr. Hebard and Dr. Agnes Wergeland, a member of the faculty of the university, have a cozy home in Laramie, which they call The Doctors' Inn. A stranger called at the Inn to see Dr. Hebard concerning the third edition of her book on Wyoming. Ringing the bell, he was met at the door by the doctor herself.

"I wish to see Dr. Hebard."

"I am she."

'Dr. G. R. Hebard, the author of 'The History of Wyoming?'"

"The same."

"But I expected to find a man."

"And why?" the doctor asked.

"Never heard of a woman, and a young woman at that, being called a doctor, and it takes my breath away."

He recovered sufficiently, however, to fulfill his errand.

* * *

Although Dr. Wergeland was of a shy and reserved nature and preferred to remain at home rather than appear at big social functions, she took great delight in entertaining her friends in her own home. Many of the people in Laramie can recall the hospitality of the two hostesses and the grace with which they presided at each such occasion.

Delightful were the Christmas festivities and unique alike in that western country, for they bore with them much of the hospitality and the spirit which so strongly characterized the Norwegians. Of all peoples the Scandinavians are strongly impressed with the observation of Christmas and its quaint customs.

Dr. Wergeland possessed this trait to a marked degree. Most intimate and fascinating is this description given by her friend and written just at that season of the year when the holiday spirit is upon us all:

"Laramie, Wyoming,
"December 26, 1914.

"My dear Miss .....:

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The festivities and ecstatic joys were as a matter of course sadly missing, yet with it all I am not unmindful of the previous midwinter holidays which were so joyfully looked forward to by my beloved housemate, Dr. Wergeland. I have often thought that we Americans make Thanksgiving more of an annual feast than we do Christmas. While Dr. Wergeland ever entered enthusiastically into the spirit of all our national holidays, Christmas was the one great time for her, into which she entered with unstinted happiness. On Christmas Day we were in perfect accord. The birthday of the Christ Child is not a national day

Putting up the Birds' Christmas Sheaf at The Doctors' Inn. Eastland and Westland, the homes of the Bluebirds.

but one for international festivity. We Americans, you know, only celebrate one day at Yuletide, but with Dr. Wergeland there was always at least a week for the Christmas spirit. With true Norwegian housewife industry the little home, The Doctors' Inn, had to be cleaned from cellar to attic; the windows washed; the curtains changed, the brightest ones having the place of honor; the best linen brought out; the bedding aired; the rugs shaken; the silver polished and everything dusted until spotless. It made no difference if we were to have guests or not, although we usually did, this immaculate midwinter housecleaning was never overlooked, nor was it slighted in the least degree, for Dr. Wergeland never forgot the lessons of thrift and homemaking that she had learned from her capable mother. Wreaths were hung in the windows; the sheaf of grain was raised on the pole in the backyard for her feathered pets; potted plants in bloom were placed where they might best cheer the passer, who hurried by homeward bent, arms full of packages and mysterious bundles. As the shadows of Christmas Eve began to grow longer and deeper the electric lights were turned on all over the house, the one on the porch left burning until late in the night in hopes that it might add some cheer to a belated pedestrian. Not only did the house assume a festive garb but the members of the household had to appear in their best raiment with faces as bright and shining as were the glass and china. In my childhood we never had a Christmas tree, for the fir forests were few

in my native state; but we clung to the custom of hanging up our stockings, which were not to be explored until the first streak of light on Christmas Morning. But when Dr. Wergeland and I had acquired our simple little home there was established in our household the custom of having a small tree decorated with candles, toys, tinsel and presents. Our first tree, the year we moved into the cottage, was very unpretentious, so small indeed as to have a place on Dr. Wergeland's working table. Even though very tiny it sent joy and radiance into her face such as is found rarely but in the beaming faces of innocent children. Ecstatic is not too strong a word for her expression. When Dr. Wergeland was deeply touched or specially pleased there always came into the lower part of her otherwise too pale cheeks a glow of color. This Christmas Eve the color was there, lasting long after the guests had departed with their gifts. I know that the guests, too, must have carried away with them the happy remembrance of Dr. Wergeland's keen joy in giving gifts and having a tree of her very own. One could not easily realize that such might ever

The first Christmas Tree at The Doctors' Inn.

come to one of mature years, but to her this day was a remembrance of the home country with its quaint customs and traditions and a time when she was lifted out of the present environment and carried back to the place of her birth and the days of her childhood.

Bird Sheaf and Bird Houses at The Doctor's Inn.

"The Christmas of 1913 is one of particular fond recollections. In the afternoon of Christmas Eve, this special year, Dr. Wergeland and I had made many rounds with our baskets and bundles, going to those who had been kind to us, for they were many, and to those who were less fortunate than we were at this time, leaving a doll here, a toy there, with fruit and flowers to others, and a final trip to the county hospital with tobacco to give an hour of cheer to some old men whom we had often

met when on our long winter walks. Dr. Wergeland loved everything she received at Christmas time, but as great as was her joy in receiving, there was an intenseness in giving that radiated even stronger in her face.

"My sister, Alice Hebard, was with me this year, and we had for a week-end guest Miss Martha Moore, a close friend of this our little group. As the twilight settled down upon the city we all gathered around our own gift-laden tree and had commenced to open the packages, when Dr. Wergeland repeatedly exclaimed: "Let us open them one by one so as to make the lovely time last longer." Then when we had finished distributing all the tree-gifts and were taking another peep at the presents, Dr. Wergeland came to me and with a courtly bow again said: "Let me shake hands with you, 'Little Hebard', for the happiest Christmas Eve I have ever had."

"This last year my sister and I had prepared a special surprise for Dr. Wergeland. After we had had the usual tree in the general living-room, we opened the dining-room doors, ushering her into a new pleasure. Here was not only a tree in the center of the table, brilliant with candles, but at each plate was an individual tree illuminated with diminutive wax candles, festoons, ornaments, candy and gifts. It is useless to attempt to describe her surprise and rapture.

"After the evening meal, more like children than sober grownups, we again went over the gifts and presents.

"In the early Christmas Morning before the break of day the University girls came to our windows, and sang their Christmas carols and then departed. When they had gone, we four gathered in our den around the grate-fire, made bright and snapping by the pine cones and gnarled wood brought from our "Little Norway" where is located the summer cottage "Enebo". Here we listened to the records of our machine, each one in turn telling what the music had said to her. There were strange and varied interpretations of the same tunes that early morning. Dr. Wergeland's poetic and mystic, the others', more prosaic and commonplace. Then came breakfast when the darling little trees had to be lighted, which, with the large tree, cast a charming glow over the table, for there was no other light, the curtains not yet drawn to admit the light of a new day. Was not this all strangely prophetic, that her last Christmas should be her best, happiest and brightest? Did she know it was to be her last? I sometimes think she did.

The Doctors' Inn.

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Very truly,

Grace Raymond Hebard."

A VISIT TO LITTLE NORWAY

WHO would ever believe that out among the mountains in Wyoming lies a little piece of Norway? We do not doubt it either when we have visited those parts, when we have seen the snow-decked peaks, the broad ridges, the clear mountain lakes, the foaming rivers, the dark fir forests, the wonderfully blue heavens and the violet haze over mountains and valleys. But that is not all. Nestling among the hills in this Medicine Bow and Snowy Range region is a genuine little Norwegian settlement.

As before mentioned, Laramie lies up in the mountains more than 7000 feet above the sea, situated on the big Laramie Plains, but if you will accompany me we shall go still higher up into the mountains, although you may find the mountain air rather light, and you may have some difficulty in catching your breath. It is a beautiful, sunny morning in August that we leave Laramie to go up through the valley to Centennial. A rambling train winds leisurely in a zigzag across the plains and the speed is in keeping with it all; but it is just this that enables us to observe and enjoy the country through which we are passing. Much appears strange and unusual to a traveler who has never visited these parts before.

Strangely red are the sand-hills yonder near the

horizon. The billowy stretches which seem to be dry, brown grass give rich feed to the hundreds of cattle that in large herds roam over the grazing lands.

Like waving blue and green ribbons the irrigating ditches interlace the seared plain and form water courses which have transformed into fertile tracts the arid wastes.

On our way out we pass the first stone erected in Albany County, placed to mark the old "Overland Trail", which was the highway to the alluring West in the days of the early stage-coaches and the pioneer express.

Dim lines of the old trail are yet visible to the naked eye and we can see the faint traces of it irregularly crossing the prairie land and vanishing beyond the crest of a distant hill.

As we travel on we begin to get a glimpse of the mountains beyond. To the left Sheep Mountain looms up, to the right through a gap in the ridge we see Snowy Range with its glistening white snow-hood. We bend around the foot of Sheep Mountain and leave it behind. Soon Snowy Range is also out of sight. The train stops at a little station and we alight. It is Centennial. The person who comes to greet us is a Norwegian and it is with him we are going up into the mountains to visit the little Norwegian settlement.

We are soon seated in a democrat-wagon and we rattle along, upward, upward over gravel, sticks, stones and boulders. We no longer doubt we are in the Rocky Mountains. I should say we are about 8000

feet above sea level. We continue the speed through woods of spruce, pine and aspen. Suddenly a group of small log-cabins come to view and here Nils G. Sundby, a missionary in these parts, has his little colony.

Rev. Sundby was born in Bjørnstjerne Bjornson's childhood home in Norway, and came to the United States when only a boy. By his own endeavors he pursued his studies in the new country and ultimately became a missionary, and was given a field of labor in the pioneer land. He took a homestead claim in the neighborhood where he settled. He has planted a little Norway out in that Snowy Range region. During the winters he felled the trees and snaked the logs down the slopes with horse and log-chain. With his own hands he hewed the timbers and likewise built the cabins one by one. While his wife still lived she aided him in his work. It was she who chinked the cracks and in many ways added her work to the building.

Thus from one little cabin grew this summer resort which now constitutes a group of cabins not less than half a score in number.

Half hidden by aspen foliage they lie there and play hide-and-seek among the mountains. We hear the river as it restlessly hurries by, but we do not see it and we believe it to be the rustling of the aspen leaves. Within the cabins all is clean-scrubbed, homelike, and cozy. Only the pine needles, customarily strewn on the floors in peasant homes in the father-

"Enebo" in the mountains, amidst the yellow quaking aspen and fir trees.
(From pastel by Mrs. Vancise.)

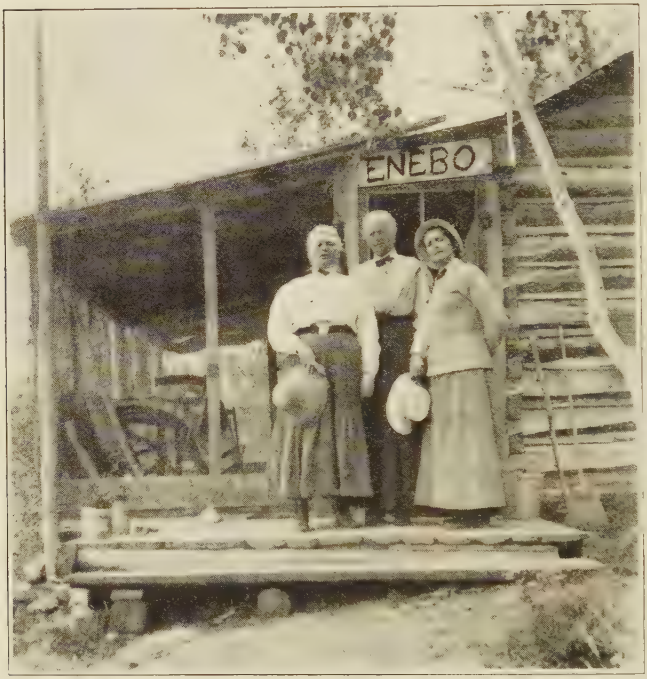
land, are lacking. Behind the white curtains and before the windows in the beamed dining-room stand rows of geraniums, fuchsias and begonias. It reminds us of homes in Norway where every humble cottage has its row of bright flowers on the window casement, adding a little touch of color and a little bit of cheer to the simple little home.

Mountain trout for dinner! It is lordly food. I am sure it is only for today. Can it be possible that this is regular everyday fare? Happy was our experience when we realized that trout were not only served for dinner, but for breakfast and supper as well, not only one day but every day during our stay.

Every summer the anglers from afar come to this their favorite sequestered spot and with fly, hook and line frequent the banks of the mountain streams where speckled trout and German browns have their rendevouz. Only by strategy can the sportsmen capture these wily, finny creatures of the untamed mountain realms. Beautiful in coloring as the rocks and the flowers of the region are the mountain beauties of the sparkling, bubbling, clear brooks.

This very afternoon we hurry out into Nature's own domain in these lofty tracts. We follow a path through the pine woods and soon we reach Libby Creek, where a foot-bridge brings us to the other side. We climb a hill and soon we stand before the log-cabin on Dr. Wergeland's homestead, Little Norway. This was the Norwegian cabin of her dreams. The hut lies there now deserted, the smoke no longer curls

from its chimney, the American and Norwegian flags no longer float over it as during the summer days when Dr. Wergeland and Dr. Hebard used to be there.



Miss Alice Hebard, Dr. Wergeland and Dr. Hebard.
On the doorsteps at Enebo in 1912.

How peacefully and sheltered it nestles among the lacework of aspen intermingled with some few fir trees which tower high above them pointing heaven-

ward like high spires, while a single majestic pine keeps watch at the door. In the rear, the mountain rises somewhat abruptly, while in front of the cabin stretches before our eyes a most wonderful panorama: a vast waving stretch of landscape with the gleaming, glittering peaks of distant ranges.

Just this outlook Dr. Wergeland must have had when she wrote "Wyoming". We cross the threshold. Above the door we see in simple clear-cut letters, which Dr. Wergeland herself had shaped, the name, "Enebo". Because nature here reminded her strikingly of Norway the place received the name "Little Norway". Because this was her favorite refuge she called the cabin "Enebo" (The Hermitage).

Below, to the right, hidden in the dark woods, we hear Libby Creek. Above and to the left rises Lookout Mountain with its broad back wrapped in its grey-green cloak of sage. Up the mountain-side creep crooked and gnarled firs and pines. We are involuntarily reminded of Bjørnson's beautiful thought "Let us clothe the mountain in God's own name." Below on the same side hidden by green foliage leaps another river, the North Fork. Some distance yonder it unites with the Libby. Between these two rivers and removed from the outer world rests this peace spot that Dr. Wergeland so tenderly christened "Little Norway". Here no living thing must be sacrificed, for to the door of the cabin came Mother Grouse and Sage Hen with their young, and the birds and squirrels seemed to know that no harm would come to them

as long as she was there to guard their sanctuary. All in the vicinity knew Dr. Wergeland's express wish in

An afternoon at "Enebo", with the zither, the aspen, and basket weaving.

this matter and no one wished to violate her dictum. The wild flowers were her ecstasy and in their

rare colors formed gorgeous patterns on the sage carpet. The poet's genius was with her when she sang the praises of this her shelter in the lines dedicated to its glory:

Enebo

(The Hermitage)

Stranded on a reef it lies—
My refuge place! I am a fugitive
From all the streets and houses of the town,
And all the busy clamor of the plain.
Between us storms a grey-green, grass-green sea,
With silver-white and amber frothing bright:
The sage that blooms. You hear it crisply stir,
And foam and froth in every rustling mound,
Quickened to movement by the evening wind:
The sky with ruddy yellow all aflame.

You cannot dream the happiness I feel—
You even laugh, perhaps, at my devotion.
Mine is no passing mood of merriment:
I am one entering a sanctuary,
Who bows with reverent knee.
The hut is ugly! Well—
A hut like this, shut in by leafy trees,
To me is precious. How it comforts me!
And when it thus lies hidden in a wood
Of pure young aspen—hungry was my soul
For shrubs and groves—small wonder that I sing

The songs that well up in my happy heart.
The soul's salvation is such foliage—
Fresh rippling water for the thirsty glance.
How sweet this growth when all is gray and old!
This sprouting forest—how it frees the mind
From nightmare of stagnation that means death;
Lightens the heart and lets the glad tears come,
And warms and cheers against all desolate.

The courteous saplings lightly bend and dip,
Their tops aflutter in the teasing wind,
Their leaves, in shaggy rustling all afloat,
As if they sang the change that is to come
When fields shall bloom where once the desert was.
Like brother athletes are these clustered trees,
Alert and ready for that future leap
Down toward the mighty, gleaming, beckoning plain;
Some like slim maidens with their flying hair,
Whispering and fluttering in green draperies,
With arms outstretched in tremulous embrace,
All quaking, wavering, quivering, without end.

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And O, this stillness, that so golden lowers
In noonday drowsiness, now that the great sun
Has spread its net of rays for long hot hours
Above the scorched earth, till all living things
Have fled, quite vanquished, to the shadows cool.
So peaceful is the world—so peaceful I!
I hear no more the noisy river's talk—
The very thoughts of earth I hear instead;

And marvel at the courtier desert wind,
Glimmering among the silver-white tree trunks,
Making light love to tiny desert plants.
I see agéd mountains where the shadows play,
Dispersing, gathering, in airy dance;
The sunshine trickling from the aspen leaves,
That twist and turn their shining surfaces,
Rejoicing at their warm and lustrous bath—
All burdened with the drowse of heavy heat,
And pungent with aroma of the sage.

Do I forget the best? Now night is near,
A lovely prospect of deep, trembling blue,
Of golden gray, and shining Alpine peaks,
Crossed wings of cherubs, lofty seraphs bright.
The lingering mists and the enticing haze
Are from the Mountain's shoulder blown away,
And one vast cloud, like some great anchored craft,
Has settled there, a shipwrecked hull of dreams.
So dies the day. And yon tall-spired spruce
Sends word to kinsmen on the nearest height
That now night's paradise is opened wide.
Now gathers swift the host of countless stars,
Now kindles Madame Venus' flashing light;
And all the heavens grow deep blue and clear—
A splendid cover for the censer earth.
Beyond all sounds the river's pulsing beat,
That summons us to live another day.
But now I sail in mile-wide shadow-space—
Illumined shadow—in and out I look,

As if my house itself a window were.
I am as light as foam—my heart is light—
And should it burst, I should not fear to sail
Out thro still portals and past slumbering caves,
Out on the sea-green deep, extended, free.
These leafless trees are like white coral stems;
Those stars, gray, red and green are wonderful;
It seems I never saw them half so fair.
The moon is drowsy; slowly it unfolds
From out the clinging veil of mist and cloud—
When see!—a ship, full-loaded, wings outspread,
Far-faring, cleaves the arched and shining deep—
A red-gold tower, voyaging afar.
And now I see and recognize old friends;
They smile at me as they sail gloriously:
Fru Collett, Aasta Hansteen,—hail! farewell.

But we need blankets, if there comes a storm,
And cones and brush to feed the crackling fire,
While huge wind-monsters clash and roar outside.
First, woolly sky, and then pours down the rain,
Wild, sweeping, drenching, cold as snow,
Three shivering days, then comes the blinding fog.
Well met—farewell—country and Enebo!

H. R. F. A. M. W.

We leave the simple little cabin as it lies there slumbering and we mount the steep incline to the heights above where lie two other cabins "Pine Knot" and "Hill Crest". They are more exposed than "Enebo"

WINGÈD VICTORY

BY VICTOR WHITLOCK

O PATIENT, wounded warrior of the range,
Braving the might of all the storms that blow,
Breasting the bandit winds that never change,
Fighting forever with an unseen foe.
How your brave spirit breathes of sturdy cheer—
You that the ranger deems a worthless tree.
Triumphant Nature, sculptor without peer,
Has moulded you her Wingèd Victory.

Photographed by the writer of the Wingèd Victory in the Snowy Range Region, August 1912.

Courtesy of the artist Victor Whitlock.

in its shelter below, but perhaps have a more bewitching view of the Libby and the deep dale through which it flows.

These cabins, as well as "Enebo", were raised by Rev. Sundby and are a part of this Norwegian community which lies high up under the skies in a region where the Norsemen are but a scanty part of a much, much scattered population.

The evening sun spreads its last rays over the landscape; erect, tall spruce cast long shadows over our path as we retrace our steps and again return to Twin River Lodge across the river. Among these mountains the shadows of night fall so rapidly that we scarcely realize that the day is ended before the black mantle of night wraps us in darkness.

* * *

All night long I could hear the murmuring of the brook behind our cabin as it chased on to reach the Little Laramie, the Little Laramie hastened on to reach the Big Laramie, the Big Laramie hurried on to meet the Platte River, the Platte the Missouri, the Missouri the Mississippi, the Mississippi the Ocean. Up at Snowy Range it began this long, long journey. Like Ashie-prattle in the fairytale I am curious to know from whence it comes. Perhaps up yonder lies the walnut from which it trickles and trickles, hastens on, waxes strong, turns somersaults, leaps headlong over logs and rocks, as it foams over the mountainside and dashes madly down into the peaceful valley

and then flows placidly on. Tomorrow I must venture the journey and ascertain the truth of it all.

I lay in bed gazing at the wondrous sunrise. All was so radiant and prophesied a glorious day in the mountains.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we were ready for our trip. We were already seated in the wagon and "Lady Jane" was in waiting to follow with the saddle. Momentous was this journey and with expectations we traveled upward and onward all of ten miles. We could feel we were reaching sublime heights. As we ascend all becomes more wonderful, grand and overpowering. The day is basking in sunshine, and resplendent in its glory is all nature. The primeval forests become majestic; the ascent is now almost sinister and the rocky slopes strangely jagged and variegated. Many places the road winds about the mountain slopes like narrow overhanging ledges, so we can look steep down into the valley deep below us.

Sad indeed was the appalling sight of dead and fallen timber. There lay the bare trunks by the millions, strewn closely for miles and miles along the ridges, just like fallen soldiers after fierce battle. In the days when the antelopes and other wild game wandered in these wilds of the deep dense forests, the Indians put fire to these large domains so that they might more readily drive the chase into the open and there pursue it in the hunt.

Chieftains with their War-bonnets Waving to the Wind.
Snowy Range Region.

Copyright 1916
by C. E. Fey.

Many places, however, the forests are imposing in their magnificence and glory. Great giants stride on proudly erect, with their war-bonnets waving to the wind. Father and son follow in the vigil of the ancestors of the tribe. Some old warriors are proud and erect still in their strength, others are bent, and broken, and gray from old age. Whole family circles of every age are gathered in groups. If we might interpret their language, which they speak to us through the wind, what might they not tell us of an age when no man had yet trod their soil? Now this vast forest is a great National Reserve. No tree must be cut unless the Forest Reserve so dictates. Red signs admonish care in the building and extinguishing of fires. The telephone is the only visible sign of the progress of civilization in this empire, but it is put there to guard against forest fires and the forest rangers are set to patrol its fastnesses. The flora is multifarious and showy in rich, deep colors. With their short stems the flowers cling close to the ground and seek shelter and motherly care in the bosom of Mother Earth. Here the fringed gentian, the Indian paintbrush, the mountain forget-me-not, the wild aster, the marisposa lily, the purple columbine and numberless other wild flowers grow in thick profusion and like a gorgeous carpet of the richest texture cover lavishly the landscape with their brilliancy and their beauty.

The stones are not less gorgeous in their coloring and form a foster-brother league with the brilliant

lichen that cling to them faithfully. The struggle for existence forces all that has life and growth to keep together.

We now begin to pass several mountain lakes and others come to view as we proceed. They remind us much of the tarns in Scotland and Norway. Before us lies Brooklyn Lake. It gets its waters from the ice fields up at Snowy Range. They say it is bottomless, and undoubtedly must be the walnut which lies there trickling and trickling, sending brook upon brook to the habitation of man in the valleys below.

Not far from this spot we must abandon the wagon. We still have 1500 feet to ascend. If you are not a good climber you will be obliged to mount "Lady Jane", and in this high altitude you will hardly be able to reach the heights in any other way. Gradually unfolds before our eyes a mighty view. Words cannot describe this sight, panorama follows panorama in an expansive range of vision. The clouds cast strange fantastic shadows over the mountains, at times gray, at times blue, often quite weird and black. No wonder these mountains are called "The Black Mountains of the Rockies". A group of glittering lakes below the glacier like so many jewels lie as if in clusters and chains and thus gives an unusual and peculiar perspective.

As we mount higher and higher the trees become dwarfs. They crawl crippled and bent over the stony mesa, they huddle closer together but nevertheless continue their onward march. They are not able to go

on much farther but struggle onward to the last. Soon only moss and stones cover the ground. Finally, all life vanishes. We enter a field of snow, where there is eternal winter. We are 11,800 feet above the sea.

I have stood on Lyderhorn Mountain in Norway on Midsummer's Eve gazing out upon the ocean, watching the setting sun dip into a molten sea, only to shortly reappear ablaze with fire and dipped in gold, and the

A glimpse of Snowy Range, Wyoming.

sight has never left me. I have journeyed on ski across the snow-covered moors to the dazzling Hardanger glacier and I have stood spellbound beholding its grandeur, but at Snowy Range I have seen an outstretched panorama which exceeds in compass and sweep anything I have yet witnessed. Valley pursuing valley, mountain chain following mountain chain, as far as the eye can scan. Dim in the very remote realm

of the giants we can see faintly Long's Peak forty miles west of Denver, towering above the loftiest peaks of the range. Let the gaze rest on the peaceful valley below us: enveloped in haze like a fair garden spot in pastel colors lies to the moistened eye a speck which our guide says is Laramie.

Silent as the plateau region where we silently wander, we ourselves become. This is the realm of peace—beyond and afar is the noisy seething world. We only hear the clatter of the horse's hoofs. We feel so infinitesimally small; a deep pensive mood comes upon us. Here we stand beholding the work of the Master-Builder—In all humbleness I bend my knee to the All Powerful—I bend my knee before Thy foot-stool and I praise Thee Almighty—"And God saw everything that he had made: and behold *it was* very good."

Our eye wanders on toward the lofty peaks, but we cannot scale them. Our thoughts are filled with longing and they take flight on wings. Again we sing with the great poet Bjørnson:

"Wonder I must, what I once may see
Over the lofty mountains.
Eyes shall meet only snow, may be:
Standing here each evergreen tree
Over the heights is yearning:
Will it be long in learning?

* * *

"*Sometime* I know I shall rise and soar
Over the lofty mountains.
Hast thou already ajar Thy door!—
Good is thy home! Yet, Lord, I implore,
Hold not the gates asunder,—
Leave me my longing wonder."

Silently we retrace our steps and again we return to the valley. Such a sight is something which so deeply impresses itself upon our minds that it appears before our vision time and time again when we shut our eyes, and we scarcely realize that days and days have rolled by, and that we have again returned to the scenes and conditions of life to which we are accustomed.

A fellow companion who has frequently scaled these heights wrote these significant lines after this momentous and awe-inspiring trip:

From the Summit of the Snowy Range.

Artist, Architect, Moulder and Builder here in Thy workshop we approach Thee with unbended knee and unbowed head, erect, looking into Thy face, invisible, though reflected through the majesty of Thy handicraft. In those endless periods of time in which this world was fashioned and created we are thankful that this structure lying open before our eager and reverential eyes was the climax of Thy labors; we glory in the harmonious perfection of Thy artistic brush which placed on the Mother Earth hugging, short-stemmed

flowers those colors Thou hast given the sky, the sunset, the rainbow; we glory in the architectural structure of this mountain peak—lofty, towering over the world and its brothers,—that since its completion has worn this coat of white which changes tint and color during sunshine and storm as do the seasons of summer and winter; we glory in the rocks that have taken into their friendship the tiny variegated lichen which covers and adorns the jagged, fearsome and seamed granite sides.

Man builds often better than he knows. Thy work was finished with a perfection, intelligence and masterfulness that has made man imitate, imitate with the brush, compass, mortar and level—copying from the Master-Builder.

Thy blue sky like the color of the eyes of a loving mother; Thy innummerable lakes from the vanishing coat of this mountain's peak, filling the gurgling, merry mountain streams as they ribbon their way to help a desert civilization in yonder thirsty valley; Thy rocks and rills which Thy liberty-loving nation has learned to cherish and to which a national anthem has been offered; Thy purple valleys with winding trail of man and beast; Thy bowing murmuring pines; Thy ragged mountain children; Thy gently sloping hills,—all today smile at Thy handiwork and compel lesser man, Thy last creation, to join in a chorus of praise and thanksgiving.

Thy triumph in world construction forces us this day to joyfully and reverentially acknowledge Thy Supremacy.

VERSATILITY

PREËMINENTLY Agnes Mathilde Wergeland was a teacher, an historian, and a linguist. Choice might have made her equally preëminent as an artist, a poet, or a musician. Circumstances led her into pursuits of study for which she had no special yearning but for which she was peculiarly and excellently fitted.

Dr. Wergeland in January, 1913.

From the Wergeland family she had inherited many gifts; her grandfather and her father had the same poetic strain as the great-grandfather, Halvor Lassesen, and which was likewise handed down to her. The artistic element was no less a strain inherited from the versatile Wergeland family. In the poem, "Watercolors", Dr. Wergeland pours out the longing to become an artist, the disappointments in its vanishing hopes, and the ultimate substitute of expressing in words what was not granted

her to express in colors. She felt she had been deprived the full use of the legacy given her by the forefathers. She writes:

"I love light and lovely colors.
It is something we inherit from father's father's father."

Although this artistic strain was strongly pronounced in the Wergelands, there was likewise in the maternal branch of the family an artistic element which undoubtedly reinforced the other and saw its highest exponent in the work of the brother, Oscar Wergeland, who had been given an opportunity to develop his art talents.

The fine musical sense possessed by Agnes Mathilde Wergeland was also a Wergeland gift strengthened and intensified by the Larsen strain. Her mother was a woman who loved music and art and all her children had the same natural gift.

From the Larsen branch Agnes Mathilde Wergeland received the rich heritage of thrift, perseverance, preciseness and scrupulous neatness. The fusion of Wergeland and Larsen blood made possible a versatility which could unfold in more directions than might otherwise have been possible.

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland was as far as is known of purely Norwegian stock, even more so than Henrik Wergeland, who on his mother's side was tinged with some foreign extraction. Dr. Wergeland was a fusion of two types of Norwegians: The Wergelands in their

lineage came from the northern and western seacoasts, the Larsen line from the southern and eastern fjord districts.

Norway is small in domain but extensive in seacoast and with its irregular contour, unusual distribution of light and darkness at varied seasons, and its hazardous waterways it is pregnant with Nature's own whims. Although the country is small in domain it is sharply separated into many distinct parts. Almost every valley has its walls of almost unsurmountable granite. Sharp, indeed, is the contrast between the land west of the Long Mountains and that east. In the west the mountains are perpendicular, the valleys oppressively deep and dark, the rivers short and turbulent, and the ocean fearsome in its fury. In the east the valleys are broader and more friendly, the rivers longer and more gentle, the lakes larger and more placid, and the fjords delightfully smiling unless enraged by the wild ocean outside.

All these caprices of nature must have their strong influence on man and there is probably no small country, except perhaps Switzerland, that can present so many varied types of humanity within its domain.

People bred in the Westland are daring, defiant and long-suffering; but often melancholy, perhaps reckless, adventuresome, romantic and withal brilliant. The people of the Eastland are persevering, painstaking, steadfast, thrifty and deliberate. If not so brilliant they are initiative, enterprising, possessed

of much stability and are of a more cheerful and phlegmatic nature.

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland was fortunate in having her Northland and Westland blood infused by some of the Eastland strain. Having been richly endowed in literary, artistic, musical powers, and additionally enriched by the gifts of thrift, perseverance, neatness and exactness she was able, in spite of innumerable obstacles, to face the open world.

What she craved to be she could not be because of straightened circumstances. She had longed to become an artist more than anything else. If she could not be an artist she wanted to be a poet. If her wishes in this could not be fulfilled she craved to be a musician.

She was not granted God's grace to fully develop any of these rare gifts. Her early schooling given under watchful and loving care was not, however, one which might lead to a definite aim. There were few fields of pursuit open to women in those days. Not until she was given an opportunity to attend Nissen's School for Governesses did she receive definite training which might enable her to lay a foundation upon which she might build subsequent work, at home and abroad. Had she been lacking in initiative, thrift, perseverance, and exactness as to detail, she would never have been able to delve into the mysteries of ages, dark and almost obliterated. She would not have had the endurance to solve the secrets of the archives, nor the deep philosophy of the scholars and

the seers. Her strong character enabled her to probe the sources of history, old and remote, with indefatigable assiduity.

Realizing that all these sources could not be fully and deeply fathomed unless she mastered not only one or two languages, but many, she diligently broadened her linguistic powers and never ceased to add to their store. Her grandfather had in his day been the teacher of several languages. She was well versed in all the three Scandinavian tongues; acquired a fluent command of German; an exacting style of English; not only mastered French and Spanish, but taught both languages for years; studied diligently Latin for personal benefit; and during the last summer of her life, pursued the study of Greek at the University of California under the instruction of Dr. Arthur P. McKinlay, who was no less proud of his pupil's skill than she was delighted with his teaching. Under the nodding eucalyptus trees of the campus behind the open Greek Theatre, the class studied the ancient language much as the ancients must have talked it under the broad spreading branches of tropical Greece.

Her readiness in the use of many languages is strongly manifested in her numerous history notebooks. You may make note of the fact that often on one single page there were references in English, German, Latin, French, Norwegian, whatever best might express and show the exact wording and terse meaning of the original. These books show years of painstaking labor, thought and study, and are quite remarkable,

profusely illustrated and supplemented by charts, diagrams and maps, many of her own making.

It is superfluous to make any further comments on her ability as a teacher. To this, expressions of numerous scholars, colleagues and appreciative students have fully testified.

Her masterful thesis which dealt with unusual Icelandic law codes, her syllabus on "Slavery in Germanic Society during the Middle Ages", her numerous reviews in current magazines on the works of history, which from time to time came out, as well as her text, on the History of Architecture, must all win for her the name of an historian. She was preëminently an authority on the history of civilization.

Dr. J. E. Jameson, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, under whom Dr. Wergeland worked during her stay at Chicago University, in most recently editing her monograph on *Slavery in Germanic Society during the Middle Ages*, originally printed in the Journal of Political Economy, says:

"While Dr. Wergeland was much else than merely a scholar—a woman of noble character, a valiant soul, generous, straightforward, friendly, an inspiring teacher, and a literary writer of varied accomplishments in more than one language—it was impossible not to wish that something of what she did in the field of scholarship, the field in which she threw the main endeavors of her forcible and energetic mind, might be preserved in a permanent form. The circumstances

of her life, especially the devoted work of the teacher, did not permit the completion of any large book.

"The theme is one of much importance, and especially for American readers. Slavery has a large place in the history of the United States, yet the story of its development, institutional characteristics, and abolition has been pursued almost entirely as if slavery had never existed in other lands and other times. The history of American slavery, in other words, had not had that additional light cast upon it which would come from comparative study, though it is well known how potent an illuminator the comparative method has proved itself to be in many other fields of economic and social history. In reality, we can not hope to attain a true understanding of American slavery in some of its essential aspects unless we are somehow made mindful of the history of slavery as a whole.

"The history of slavery in the Middle Ages has received much less attention than that of serfdom, and perhaps less with respect to the Germanic portions of Europe than the southern lands. Dr. Wergeland's contribution to it is marked by great learning. That is a matter of course. Especially valuable is the information she brings from her extensive reading in the legal writings of medieval Scandinavia. But the reader will also see the evidences of logical, and even philosophical thinking, and of a large, general grasp of the institutional history of northern Europe as a whole. He will see a close application of the working of economic motives. He will see the marks of a

Dr. Wergeland at Grand Canyon writing "The Desert Rose". Summer 1913.

cultivated mind, and will probably be struck with the excellence of the English, in the case of one to whom English was not the native tongue. If in some small

instances he detects a slight foreign flavor, it is compensated by a certain originality and piquancy of phrase, in other places, that were characteristic of the author."

As teacher, historian and linguist she pursued her calling with distinction, a calling of circumstances which she faithfully and excellently followed.

She did not, however, allow her life work to so absorb her thoughts and energies as to keep her from pursuing the arts of her loving. She was diligent in her literary pursuits. She was a profound reader of the classics as well as the modern literature in the many languages she had mastered. She studied with keen interest the great dramatists and their dramas, and, being an ardent lover of nature, was very fond of choice poetry of pastoral life. She was a close student of humanity and quick to observe and analyse character. Her diaries are filled with apt and striking bits of wit and humor from current American life. She was always alert to the aptness of things.

In girlhood she had indulged in verse-making only to be discouraged, and yet throughout her life she continued to write verses and delighted in it. Not until in later life did she set about to put her many poetic impressions into any definite and lasting form. In 1912 appeared her first volume of verses, "America Magna and other Poems". They were written in the mother tongue. Her last visit to Norway, and her longing to mingle with her own people, whom she had assiduously avoided during years of adversity, caused

At Portland, Oregon, among the roses. 1913.

her, no doubt, to return to the language of the heart, the language of childhood dreams, the language that could best give expression to the deepest feelings of

her innermost soul. They are all seized with much intensity and originality of thought, but in their reserve are only revealed fully to those who have found the key and can unlock the door to her treasure-house. Many of the poems are intimate touches of her own home life at The Doctors' Inn and the beauties of nature in which she gloried during her summer stays at Enebo and her annual trips to Snowy Range.

Her second volume, "Posthumous Poems", did not appear until some time after her death. Many of them sing the praises of Oregon and California, the Pacific and the Grand Canyon. Many, too, were the flights of a spiritual being not long of this earthly abode. We find her in her happiest mood when she wrote 'Oregon". She loved the sunshine, the flowers and the hospitality of that state. It is difficult to fully give in English the sweet warbling of her song, but I am sure the reader can but enjoy this delightful English version:

OREGON

Lovely Oregon,
Land of tears and smiles,
Like a minuet by Mozart
Thy winsome charm beguiles.

A charm of open spaces,
Of curving, melting lines,
The twittering of bird-songs
Thy loveliness defines.

What though the sun is darkened
By a lonely thunder-cloud—
Like a pain undreamed of,
Like an unclaimed shroud—

Swiftly the prospect changes,
In the leafy green we glide,
Where the wild flowers brighten
The Mountain's chilly side.

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Mountain and river wedded
Are very fair to see;
The mountain top with locks of gray,
The foot all greenery.

Maple and linden clustering
With wealth of foliage,
Thickets in friendly circle,
Bedeck the Mountain's age.

Here's fluttering weave of underwood,
That shields against the light,
With coy and dainty linnea-bells
In broad ferns hid from sight.

And there the dark spruce shadows
The haze above green fields,
And honey sweet the perfume
The clover meadow yields.

* * *

Lovely Oregon,
Land of my heart and brain,
In thy eye tremble lightly
The tears of summer rain.

In thy lap thou pressest
Roses, the summer's smiles;
Like a melody by Mozart
Thy loveliness beguiles.

Fair is the bloom of summertime,
There's not a blast that harms;
The very rain in tenderness
The soul of warm Earth charms.

Fit for the realm of elf-kings,
Of roses heavy full,
In a thousand tints expressing
The inexpressible.

So many little happy homes
Are like a carpet spread;
Over whose cheery plots of green
Bright rose petals are shed.

****

Lovely Oregon,
Picture of silent joy,
Always thou wilt remind me
Of the artist's fairy toy.

When, in a crystal mirror,
A wondrous magic ball,
Sat enclosed a fairy—
Spirit of festival.

And the radiant, lovely maiden
Floated in rosy light,
As bright, with her smiles and roses,
As the realm of dreams is bright.

Lovely Oregon,
Thou art the dream so fair;
One of Mozart's smiling graces,
Music beyond compare.

H. R. F. A. M. W.

In her prose writings she did not confine herself to the subject of history alone, but wrote articles on most varied topics in leading American magazines as well as current Norwegian periodicals in both America and Norway.

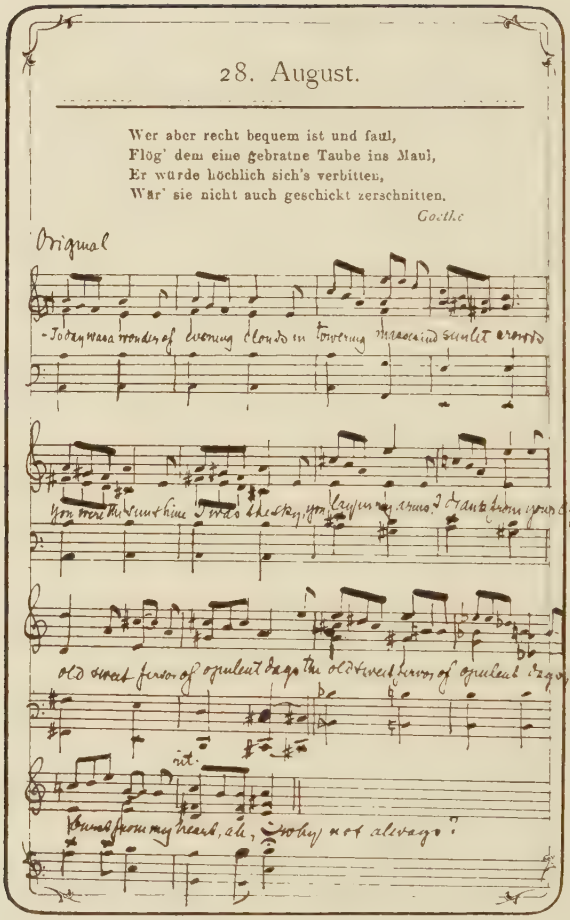
Since her death many of these articles have been collected and compiled, and recently they have been published in a little volume entitled, "Leaders in Norway and Other Essays".

Her musical gift was one which she did not unfold to the world. Once when asked by a friend to play she answered:

"No my dear, for that would be to disclose my soul."

This may perhaps be interpreted to mean that "playing" was too intimate an expression of herself to be lightly asked and given on any and all occasions, but I am sure it meant much more. Fortunate indeed were the few who were given the rare privilege of hearing her music.

As a pupil of the great composer, Edvard Grieg, she had received rich impetus from his rare genius. He told her that he considered nothing impossible to her in music. But her unusually shy and sensitive nature, most strongly emphasized and evidenced in her music, might never have made her a musician of renown, for she shrank timidly from all public demonstration of her musical talent. With a thorough musical training, she undoubtedly would have become a composer of note, as her amateur compositions contain beautiful phrases possessed of much originality and feeling and rare delightful touches of sweet melody.

Wherever she happened to be during the years when she had no home and no piano, she always sought some place where she might in secret and solitude pour out her musical soul. A friend who knew her at Bryn Mawr says: "I remember the few times when she would consent to play for me on the gymnasium piano, it must be at a time, however, when no one else was about. I remember, too, her beautiful accompaniments to Miss Florence Key's violin solos, but these were also always played when none were about."

28. August.
Wer aber recht bequem ist und faul,
Flög' dem eine gebratne Taube ins Maul,
Er würde höchlich sich's verbitten,
Wär' sie nicht auch geschickt zerschnitten.
Goethe
Original

One of Agnes M. Wergeland's musical compositions found in an old dairy.

To show how often, even to intimate friends, her music was a closed book let me repeat the words of Mrs. J. Loeb, of New York City, who knew of Dr. Wergeland when they both studied for their doctor's degrees at Zürich, and with whom she was closely associated at Bryn Mawr and later in Chicago:

"So retiring was she that in spite of my comparatively intimate acquaintance with her she never even told me that she played the piano and she never offered to touch the keys when at our house, although she felt much at home with us."

Mrs. John H. Weiss, of Chicago, with whom Dr. Wergeland shared and enjoyed a friendship of confidence and strengthening influence, in speaking of Dr. Wergeland's keen musical perception once said: "Never can I forget her wonderful understanding and unusual ability to interpret music. I had always been fond of music, but it was she who initiated me and taught me to appreciate the finer shadings as well as to follow the dominant idea of the composer. To attend a concert with her was a great pleasure and a rich source of information."

It was one of the few luxuries of her life in Chicago to attend concerts by the masters of piano and violin. She would deny herself a meal or two that she might hear the great wizard, Kubelik, and other stellar lights; and afterwards she would live in dreams and when awakening from them she would write: "But how strange to come back to commonplace life and things after such strenuous flights."

It was a great joy in the midst of privation when she was able to get a piano; and in the little home which she shared with Miss Merrill she often dispelled the black shadows of utter hopelessness by playing her beloved composers, Schumann, Mozart and Grieg.

When going to Wyoming, she was compelled to leave her piano in Chicago, and there was no dearer friend with whom it was harder to part. She had not been long in Laramie before she discovered the piano in the auditorium. The University sessions had not yet begun and alone in the Assembly Hall she could enjoy her favorite masters. I believe she had not been in the place a week when she wrote in her diary: "Spent most of the day at the piano. It is a beautiful one, although worn and ill-treated. I supposed it amounted to nothing, but it can sigh and jubilate with the mellowness of a cello. Arts are given us to lift us above our sorrows."

I think very few people in Laramie ever had the privilege of hearing her, but it is told that she often would go to the auditorium late in the afternoon when she thought the professors and students were all gone and there pour out her wonderful music as the setting sun cast its last mellow light into the room. Then it would happen that some who had still tarried within the building would cautiously in the twilight creep nearer and stand in the halls and listen to the wonderful music as it faintly echoed and reëchoed through the corridors.

Later she had her own piano sent to her from

Chicago but she never fully enjoyed it until she and Dr. Hebard moved into The Doctors' Inn, where she had her own sanctuary away from the rest of the house, and where she might retire and be alone. Often on a Sunday evening she would withdraw to this her private corner, usually with her friend out of the room, in her own study across the hall; for even to her

A Quiet Hour.

she was timid and easily disturbed by the least sound of moving or breathing. With both doors left slightly ajar she would play entire operas and suites at one sitting. Then she would enter Dr. Hebard's room, aglow with delight and ecstasy, face beaming, eyes bright and forehead damp, and utter some exclamation of exultation.

She loved the music of Chopin and Grieg, and all music with a singing melody, with "soul" rather than brilliance. Her library of pianoforte music was very complete and contained the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Brahms, and many others. Her studies were the best: Cramer's, Chopin's and Heller's.

In her last years she enjoyed the zither and during her summer stays at "Enebo" always had it with her. Frequently on her long cross-country walks with her friend she carried in her pocket a harmonica which she enjoyed playing and often off-hand she composed a few strains to attract the songsters balancing on the telephone wires or some nearby sage-brush top. When she could attract their attention and receive a responding note from their tiny throats she always gave a little laugh of glee.

As artist, poet, and musician she cultivated the æsthetic arts and added to the work of her calling those endowments of her longing and yearning which bore her up through the trials and crosses of life and led her ultimately to a serene and peaceful eventide.

* * *

Having offered these glimpses from Dr. Wergeland's life let us in retrospect reflect what has already been said and add perhaps some traits which strongly characterized her life. In traits as well as talents Dr. Wergeland had many of those characteristics which distinguish the Wergelands. She rather favored Dean Nicolai Wergeland and his daughter, Camilla Collett,

than the poet, Henrik Wergeland. Like the Dean and his daughter, Dr. Wergeland was given the reflective mood and melancholy, the sensitive and shy nature, and the strong and stable character. All were path-breakers in new and varied fields. All glowed with patriotism. Unlike them, however, the poet was optimistic, daring, jubilant and reckless. Dr. Wergeland was not optimistic, yet hopeful; not daring, yet fearless; not jubilant, yet warbling; not reckless, yet unconventional.

"Why did she not jubilate in her poetry like Henrik Wergeland?

"Why did she not assume some of that same buoyant and optimistic spirit which the great poet so richly possessed?"

To these and numerous similar questions that have been asked there is but one answer: She did not inherit those pronounced traits which Henrik Wergeland received from his mother's family. How could she?

But withal Dr. Wergeland possessed some of the poet's traits which were among his strongest.

There is no characteristic so strongly pronounced in Henrik Wergeland as the humanitarian. He was the benefactor of the poor, the down-trodden and the suffering, often in the face of pecuniary embarrassment to himself. It is related that his mother was compelled to put under lock and key the household bedding lest he give away all to the poor. He even took his coat from his own back to give it to some poor

coatless individual. At one occasion he was asked to make a speech at the unveiling of a monument on the Seventeenth of May. He was without proper attire in which to appear at such an occasion and none of his friends would let him have a frock coat. Sad experiences had more than once taught them that, if need be, Henrik Wergeland would not hestitate to dispose just as unceremoniously of their garments as of his own. Then it happened that a peasant representative at the Storting offered his homespun jacket and in this coat Henrik Wergeland dared to appear before aristocrat and democrat in that very conventional Norway of his day. He never lacked moral courage, and he never was afraid; but often even reckless in his conduct. This caused him to be much criticized and scorned by conventional and even snobbish society of the times; but the democracy of today has resurrected him as a phenix from the ashes and placed him high on a pedestal above the throng.

The same humanitarian spirit which so strongly characterized Henrik Wergeland permeated the life of Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. No one was too low, too poor, too insignificant to demand her consideration, sympathy and aid.

Even the forlorn mongrel dog was not passed by. It happened one late winter day, the chill of the North wind still lingering, that she took her coat off and wrapping it tenderly about a family of new-born puppies in a culvert, went home; and putting on a lighter wrap left untold her deed. Some may say it

was foolish, but there was a big warm heart which in her bosom pulsated warmly, strongly, humanely.

This rather amusing incident occured some years back when a young Hungarian was brought before the courts at Laramie for grossly violating, so it was claimed, the state laws. In the case appeared as attorneys two brothers, prominent sons of one of the founders of the University: County Attorney Corlett Downey, representing the state; and his younger brother, Sheridan Downey, appearing for the defendant. In the words of County Attorney Corlett Downey I repeat the story as he told it to me:

"In February 1908, John Miller, a Hungarian, who could not speak English, a boy of about eighteen years of age, was arrested for removing packing from the journal box of a railroad car, which is a felony under the laws of the State of Wyoming, and punishable by imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. He was bound over to the district court of the Second Judicial District of Albany County. He had no friends, no means, and Hon. Charles E. Carpenter, the judge of said court, appointed Sheridan Downey to defend him. (A. H. Bath, who was afterwards killed in the performance of his duties, was sheriff of the county). The court ordered the appointment of Dr. Wergeland as interpreter to assist the attorney in preparing the case, and to act as official interpreter of the witnesses in court. Dr. Wergeland took a lively interest in the boy on account of his age, his foreign extraction and his friendless condition. With the attorney she visited

him a number of times in the county jail and helped prepare the case. At the trial, which was held in the March term of 1908, Dr. Wergeland appeared in court with Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, likewise a professor in the University of Wyoming, and also a member of the Albany County Bar. After the direct examination of the defendant was ended and the state had rested, the county attorney asked at the close of his cross-examination the following question: 'Are you sure that you took no packing from the journal box of the car described?' Dr. Wergeland interpreted the question to the witness who in turn answered. Then Dr. Wergeland turned to the jury and said, 'He says he did not take the packing from the box of the car and I believe him. He looks honest and has an honest eye. Just look at it!' Needless to say an audible smile prevaded the court, the case was over, and the jury forthwith returned a verdict of 'not guilty'."

"Corlett Downey."

It might be added that after the young fellow had been acquitted Dr. Wergeland went up to him and placing her hand on his shoulder in a spirit of admonition said, "We who are foreign-born must be very careful of the liberties that are given us, for the sake of the countries we represent and for the honor of the aliens who come to this country, that we may have greater opportunities in the future than are offered us by our home countries." The boy, for he was not much more than that, shook Dr. Wergeland's hand and

promised to be very careful in the future, and warmly thanked her for her interest and appeal in his behalf. She never heard of him again though she often spoke of him and wondered if he had kept his promise and observed the law.

In an eastern magazine Dr. Wergeland had seen an appeal for help that money might be raised to send some old women to the country for at least one week during the summer. There was a picture of such a group of old women given. Beneath it was printed:

"Growing Young"

$10 makes such a group your guests for a week.

Both Dr. Wergeland and Dr. Hebard were seized with the philanthropic spirit and their donations were sent. Repeated appeals came for more. Dr. Hebard then said: "I believe we have now given what we can afford" and no more was said about the Fresh Air Fund. It was late in the fall, the weather was cold, and when Dr. Hebard asked Dr. Wergeland why she did not carry her muff these bitter cold mornings she reluctantly confessed that she had sold the muff to a colleague, who had bought a neckpiece which exactly matched the muff, but had been unable to get a muff to go with it. The money she had sent to give some old women a rest by the seacoast. It is needless to say that these are only a few of the many deeds of kindness which she performed to alleviate suffering and give comfort. She had herself known all too bitterly

the trials of life. Even when times were the hardest she inevitably spent the little money she had to give relief to others.

Love of nature, flowers and birds is likewise a characteristic which Henrik Wergeland and Agnes Mathilde Wergeland shared alike. Her raising of the bird-sheaf each Christmas was only a reiteration of the poet's own words in deeds, for he has written a poem "The Small Birds on the Christmas Sheaf" which is found in every child's first reader in Norway. When spring came Dr. Wergeland would go out into Nature's own garden and would often say: "I seek the anemones that I used to pick in childhood even though I do not find them here."

A long row of cottonwood trees had been planted from the city toward "The Springs", the source of the city water supply. For lack of sufficient water and proper care the trees did not prosper. Only a lonely sapling put forth a supreme effort, and struggled through the winter; but the prevailing west winds had bent the tree's head almost to the ground—yet it lived on, hunchbacked as it was. On her country walks Dr. Wergeland often passed this way. At such times she frequently brought with her a piece of board that she might prop up the forlorn crippled tree—but as often as she gave it a crutch just so often was it removed and carried away. She so firmly believed that the greatest victories came through struggle that she was ever giving not only people, but all living things, a possible "chance" that they might triumph through

adversity. These touching lines are the closing verse of the poem written in the memory of "The Bent Tree":

"Valiant tree,
Will you ever, ever be more than a forepost,
A lonely forepost,
That no one cares whether
It stands or falls,
Lives or perishes?
Dry and rigid, with bare outstretched arms,
A spectre at last
Of a great fruitful thought
That none cared to protect—
O God! What a fate!"

* * *

Dr. Wergeland was an independent thinker and would never allow influence to waver her convictions if she had to sacrifice truth and principles. She was strong and proud in the right and fearlessly outspoken, but calm and deliberate when a blow for justice was imperative; but ever modest and patient and reserved when not thrust into the fight.

Her friend, Mrs. Weiss, in speaking of her distinctive qualities, says: "I feel that every statement in which I mean to emphasize the noble and ideal character of this exceptional woman is far too general to convey in words a picture of the thoughtful, considerate and helpful woman, whose actions were dom-

inated by these qualities. Sacrifices of time, of energy, and of money were never a consideration when she could help a struggling human being into his own. I know her entire library was once sacrificed to assist a talented friend. Her whole being was pervaded by a harmony and a repose which only the true aristocrat attains. She was an aristocrat in thought, in feeling, and in looks. Never was a woman's face a better indicator of her soul. She possessed the true, innate refinement of feeling, which the Germans call 'Herzenbildung'.

"Her peculiar charm of sincere nobility and intellectual vigor which impressed me so deeply, undoubtedly impressed others who came in contact with her profound nature. Her influence was the greater and farther-reaching because of its subtlety."

When one has visited Mrs. Weiss in her own home and felt the beautiful atmosphere which permeates it—a German home of culture which radiates with hospitality and substantiality—one cannot but feel the significance of these words. I have myself enjoyed its glow of warmth and I know that each time Dr. Wergeland had been there she must have gone home strengthened by its influence.

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland was a distinct Norse type of a modest, cultured, intelligent woman, removed from all that is unwomanly, or wrongly interpreted, emancipated.

She was free from all boast and was therefore so

little known outside her own circle. Her life was stamped with earnestness and zeal but relieved by quiet humor and rare sparkling wit. She was unostentatious and ever true to the motto:

"Lieber mehr sein als scheinen."

It is to be lamented that her own countrymen in this land all too late learned to know her, and to honor her. Foremost among Norwegian poets in this country is Jon Norstog. He lives on the prairies of the Dakotas, in the little humble hut of a homesteader. He was ever strong in the belief of Dr. Wergeland's powers. Would that I might render into English verse the poem dedicated to Dr. Wergeland in which he writes of gifts which the small fatherland lavished upon a bigger and richer land. In her dying hours he wrote: "Do not die yet and leave us alone." He is living on his claim the ideal life of a poet—in peace and in solitude. He not only creates his thoughts in the free open, but he visualizes them in print, setting the type as he composes, binding the books as they materialize, and sending out to the world a challenge to all conventional forms and rules. Would that we might all live just as free, just as truthful, and just as fearless a life as he! He is living the life of a true poet. He could see in Dr. Wergeland the true poet in embryo.

In summing up Agnes Mathilde Wergeland's character we must say it was truly and nobly rich.

By her teaching and living she inspired the students in her care to the highest and best within them.

By her splendid work and intense sincerity she won distinction among her colleagues.

By her simplicity of manner and beauty of character she gained the universal love of the people.

Dr. Agnes Mathilde Wergeland
at Berkeley, California. Summer of 1913.

Courtesy Sidney L. Webb,
Berkeley, Cal.

LAST DAYS

"IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

All too dearly had Agnes Mathilde Wergeland sown in the morning of life and all too soon did she forfeit, not laurels, but longevity in the evening. She never withheld her hand. She ever sought to further the progress of humanity, and self-sacrificing and long-suffering she added to its uplifting. At home in Norway in her childhood, in Germany in early womanhood, in the free United States in the prime of life, she starved, suffered and sacrificed to attain her ideals, then all too soon came the grim reaper.

Let us not again repeat all these sorrows, burdens and privations; but let us know that they brought her an early grave. She did confess that during her docentship in Chicago she was living on one hundred twenty dollars a year. She may at that time, and during previous years of hard study, have laid the foundation for the disease which took her away; for she had for years both in Europe and in this country lived without proper and sufficient food and at times became anæmic. The bracing air of the high Wyoming tableland did not soothe or lull her feverish ambition, but rather spurred her on to more diligent study and more strenuous efforts, if such a thing were

possible. Some upheavals of University administration, not, however, implicating her directly, surely must have added to her overwrought being some sudden shock, for in the middle of the school year, in 1909, came a nervous breakdown, which compelled a hasty departure from a high altitude to a lower, where she might gain repose and strength. She went abroad, spent some time in rural England, and then went to Norway to visit her old home; but longing for the little home in Wyoming she could not rest content, and came back before she had fully recovered, yet strengthened enough to continue her duties. Her friend, Dr. Hebard, attributes greatly her breakdown to many years of privation and overwork, and at the time of Dr. Wergeland's death wrote the following about her illness:

"Five years ago Dr. Wergeland had a nervous breakdown due largely to overwork. At this time she went to England and Norway, staying for a few months. When she returned she was better but since that time she was never strong,—she was always tired but never willing to give up, working as hard as she had always formerly been forced to do—which was endless. Never a moment was wasted. Last summer I took her to the Pacific coast, thinking a lower altitude might restore her to her usual strength. While she enjoyed the summer and attended the University of California for six weeks, she often spoke of being glad that we would soon return to The Doctors' Inn, as our little home was called. When the fall came with

its University duties she did not suffer so intensely as she had done so many times before, but her heart would ache and she would be so tired, so weary. Then she was vaccinated, which seemed a necessity at the time because of an epidemic, and she gradually lost strength. Four weeks before she died she realized that rest must soon come to her. The last time she attended her duties at the University the thermometer was 24° below zero. Braving the bitter cold wind was too great an exertion and she almost collapsed on the University steps. It was with difficulty that the spark of life still existing was restored to her after her last strenuous climb.

"After she reached home she never again was out of the house. She went to bed to rest, as she and I thought. But it was to be the last, long rest. During the four weeks of her illness she did not suffer until the day before her last. The first two weeks she was able to read and write, and talked of what we were to do when she was better. During this time she read one of Stevenson's books, an author of keen delight to her, and her cheerful interpretation of these pages was without doubt an indication of what she knew would soon be her own message. The end came quietly, calmly and peacefully as had been her life. Death had no sting, the grave no victory.

"She had always been an anæmic, without enough red blood to keep her body in perfect repair,—the heart was too small an engine to keep pace with her determination and ambition to do work. Had she not

been compelled to work so hard during the last few years of her life, I am told, she would have lived in comfort for two or three years longer without suffering. This is all she asked: A few more years to finish some of her literary work, to live with her flowers, to be with her birds, to devote herself to philosophic studies. She never spoke of going away, but I know she knew all the time the end was near. There was never a complaint or regret, but a soldier's spirit of meeting the condition with strength and a face to the front.

"It was wonderful how she won her way in this western country, far from her native home and kin and old-time friends. No teacher has ever been more beloved, no one has ever had such a splendid influence upon the students, no one was better prepared for work or performed the task more gloriously than she did in the University. The memory of her and her life cannot fail in its lasting influence."

On Dr. Wergeland's working table in her home were found these two sayings which are very characteristic of her work and living—for she always worked beyond her strength and toiled as if the day at hand were the last one that might be given her to complete some task, or accomplish some purpose:

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know." (Kingsley).

Tomorrow's success is founded upon to-days preparation."

One of Dr. Wergeland's pupils from the University of Wyoming wrote after her death: "I loved Dr. Wergeland dearly and never left her without a feeling of peace. Her beautiful calm face was like a benediction."

Close beside her inkstand was this motto:

They that love
beyond the
world cannot
be separated by it.
Death cannot kill
what never dies.
Nor can spirits ever
be divided that love
and live in the same
divine principle,
the root and record
of their friendship.

William Penn

When her last illness overtook her she begged that she be not sent away from home, the home she loved so dearly. Surrounded by dear and loving friends,

shown all possible kindness and tenderness, showered with beautiful flowers and all imaginable comforts, she passed the last of her days in serenity. The whole community was hushed by the passing of her life. On St. Valentine's Day she wished to remember those who had been so kind to her and thoughtful of her well-being, so she asked her dear, devoted house companion to go to the city and purchase for her the proper greetings of the season that she might send them each and all a tender message. In her last hours she begged those attending her to draw her bed nearer the open window. The gently falling snowflakes caressed the snow-driven hair and kissed lovingly the calm face. Serenely with a smile on her lips she passed away in the arms of the loving friend who had been devoted and faithful to the last.

* * *

Beneath her pillow was found after death, "the little notebook in the red dress" which she ever kept with her. In it were the last inspirations of her departing spirit. In a steady unwavering hand she had written her last message to the world—unbeknown she had worded it in the silent hours of the night when her nurse was sleeping. This book would scarcely have a fitting close without this farewell, which she wrote calmly and with fortitude waiting the summons and last call of the boatman:

Agnes M. Bergland

Charon's Call

This is the time when Charon comes, after midnight between twelve and one, when the night is at the deepest. My nurse sleeps sweetly, let her sleep; she will not hear me when I step out of my bed and climb the window-ledge.

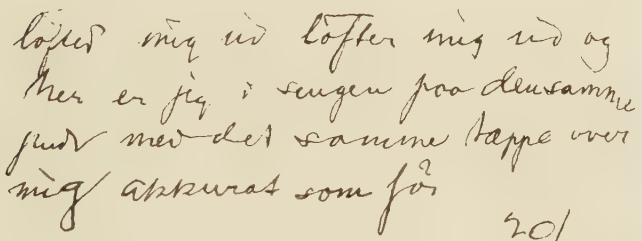
Outside the wind sighs and as I place my one foot out an arm lifts me and puts me cautiously down on the banks of a black stream. For the whole street is a slowly running river and at the water's edge are benches where people sit and wait in the darkness for the little boat which is to come. There are quite a few on my bench, they are well dressed, a gentleman has a walking stick, and a lady curled ostrich feathers, I am the only one who does not have anything but my thin night-robe; they sit erect and stiff and I cannot see their faces, perhaps despair is written there, or indifference, or what else forces them to beg for death? Perhaps they are already dead? I am the only one who sits there crouched down with the night-sweat like a cold shroud over me. And the water out there splashes quite gently.

It is the seventh or the eighth time I sit here and Charon has not come. What do I want of him? Rest! Rest! I am so weary. When the others go aboard I will see if I cannot hide behind them and make the journey down the Styx and then leap into the land of eternal sleep, roll up like a poor starved cat, in some hollow or crevice, where no one comes and finally,

finally get relief for this palpitation of the heart, for this weariness, always driven, which never ceases. But it is this about the copper, the little coin, which I always seem to lack when I need it: It either falls out between my teeth or between my hands, or my night-robe is not wet enough to hold it securely, I do not know which. And Charon is an old man, you cannot fool him. He is also a man of the world, in these journeys in which he has fetched the shadows he has closely attended to it all, that all must come to pass as it should. He is also a business man, nothing for nothing even in the world of shadows. Alas, alas, money never stayed by me—what does mankind live for: gold, honor, power—none of them were mine, the drudgery was mine: like so many others, I was the common soldier, stood in the trenches or in the ranks like my brothers and sisters. The commandant received praise and beautiful ribbons and medals, but we received, as usual, nothing—in fact, it is so immaterial to me, but now I wish to sleep in peace, not to be forced and driven out again when my feet tremble so I can scarcely stand and gaze out to see if the boat is at last coming. Is that a little star that twinkles yonder, or is it a lantern? No, alas, the hour has passed,—it is beginning to dawn, the stiff shadows have disappeared, no one is left but me; the stream has also dwindled away. Charon has forgotten me tonight. My wet robe is dry and it seems that I feel the warmth of life's finger against my heart. Outside on the street there is nothing for me to do. The same

arm that lifted me out lifts me in, and here I am in my bed, on the same pillow with the same cover over me just as before.

20/2, 1914.



og dog det kan hende at jeg
seiler ifra dem en gang, enden
nat noar strømmen lyder
lokker og Charon virkelig
lægger til!
4/3-1914

(Facsimile of the last page of Charon's Call.)

And yet it may happen that I sail away from them some night when the stream again lures and Charon really lands.

4/3, 1914
Agnes Mathilde Wergeland.

All Laramie mourned her death. Over the lofty flagstaff of the University floated the flag at half-mast. In the "Wyoming Student", The University weekly, appeared this loving tribute:

"In the wind and sunshine of the mountain campus Dr. Wergeland loved and served so well, the flag of her adopted country droops at half-mast, and in the heart of the University of Wyoming there is sorrow too deep for tears because of her passing. Faithful, patient, loving, with the heart of a poet and the keen mind that penetrates disguises and refuses to compromise with truth, she so lived as to give something of her own self-mastery to those who knew her, and to them she leaves a memory, vital and beautiful."

"June E. Downey."

In keeping with the wish of Dr. Wergeland herself, the services were very simple. The body was viewed by scores of friends who passed through the rooms of The Doctors' Inn looking upon her dear face for the last time.

In place of flowers, which Dr. Wergeland asked be not sent, the hood of her gown, within the folds of which lay a Norwegian flag, the emblem given her when she received her doctor's degree at Zürich, adorned the casket. Dressed in her scholastic gown she held her cap in her hand. Within the casket lay the beautiful silk American flag which she had received when she was naturalized.

Never before had that University community paid greater homage to the dead than on this beautiful, bright March Sunday when in solemn procession students, colleagues and friends followed her to her grave, six of the students assisting in this last service to one who had always given them great service and rich inspiration. Passing the campus and crossing the golf links could be seen from afar the long winding cortege entering the Silent City. There they laid to rest one who had come to them a stranger, had tarried in their midst a friend, and departing had left an abiding memory that will always speak of gentleness, scholarly attainments and high ideals. Especially was there deepfelt sorrow among her own countrymen in this land. They were just beginning to know her and now they realized that a light in their midst had gone out forever.

Now she rests in the vicinity of the university she has helped to build. A simple granite stone marks her resting place. The mountains, Pilot Knob and his brothers, wrapped in their gray cloaks of mist, stand watch over her grave. She loved these mountains and they will throughout the ages keep the long vigil—"All through the Night."

The University, which she served so faithfully for twelve years, and near which she wished to be buried, lies in a close cluster across the golf links at the edge of the city. Like a forepost it guards her lifework while she peacefully slumbers in her grave. But rising high

above her grave her memory still lives on. She was a pathbreaker and helped to blaze the trail and mount the heights. She ever bore her banner aloft and never lost sight of her *ideal*. *Therefore she can never die!*

Date Due

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Michelet, Maren Bastine
Hals, 1869-

Glimpses from Agnes Mathilde
Wergeland's life

BCL-O